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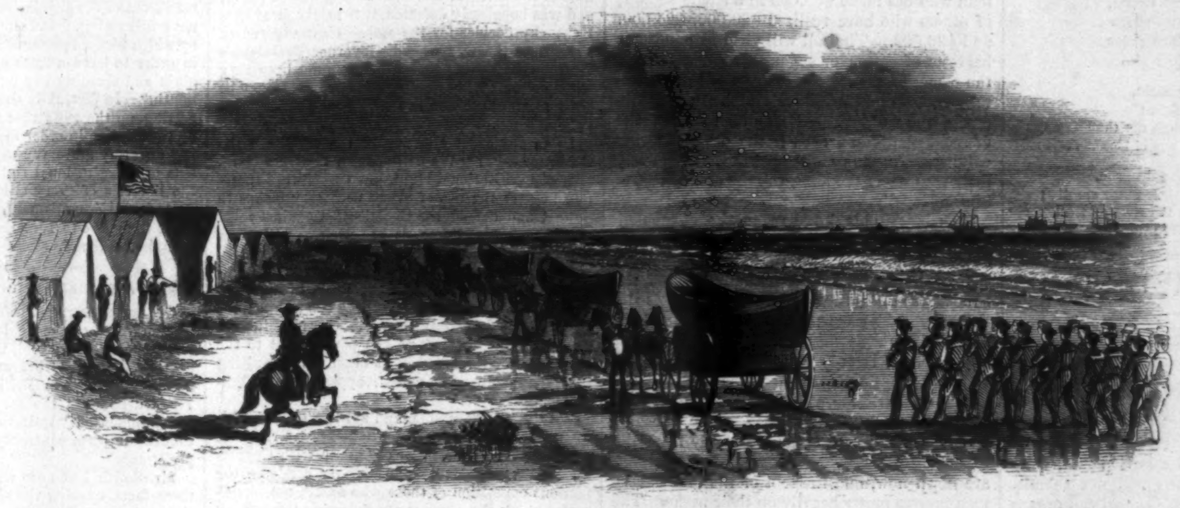
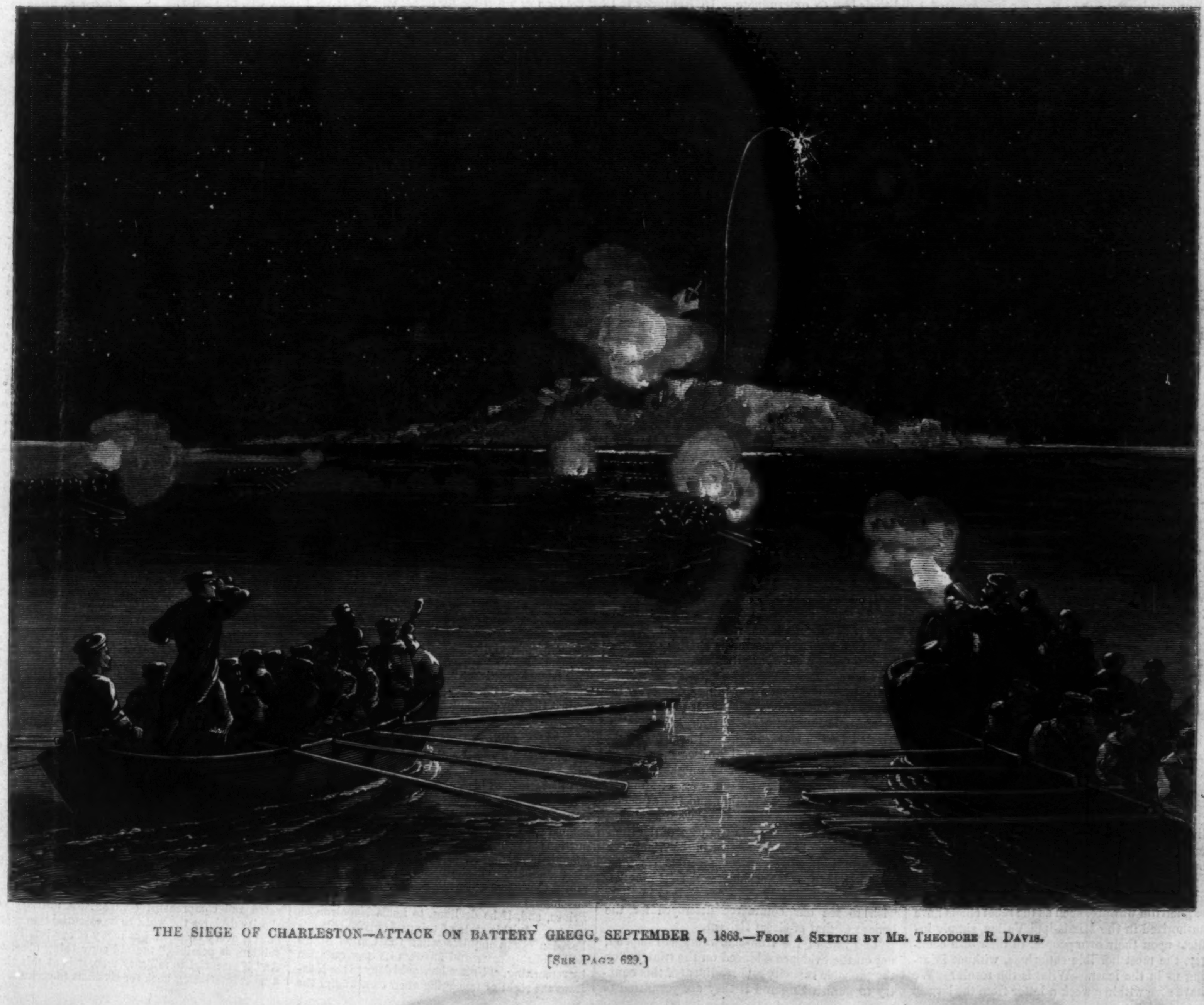


THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE BOATS FOR THE ATTACK OF GREGG ON THEIR WAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 629.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—ATTACK ON BATTERY GREGG, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.
[SEE PAGE 629.]

THE GHOSTLY FIGHT.

By the Rappahannock's moonlit wave
Thousands are lying in quiet graves
But under its ever-throbbing breast
Are two that never shall taste of rest.

They stood at night on the opposite banks,
Deathly foes in the hostile ranks,
And challenged each by the moon's wan light
To meet in the stream in mortal fight.

Naked they swam through the water cold,
That shuddered with horror as it rolled;
And the gleam of their white limbs through the tide
Struck the faces pale that watched beside.

They met where the stream is still and deep,
Where the river-spirits float asleep
With faces turned to the moon's cold beams,
And the ocean rocking through their dreams.

A cry went up through the shuddering air
As they wildly closed in the death-fight there,
And the flashing waters shrank with dread
From the scattered foam that was tinged with red.

Then stillness fell on the air and stream,
While under the waters a spectral gleam
Sunk with their white forms sinking slow
In a knotted clash to the depths below.

And now and ever, night after night,
They close again in a ghostly fight:
Two white wraiths gleam through the throbbing flood,
And the foam around has the hue of blood.

Forever they close in the death-fight grim,
Though their cry is faint and their forms are dim;
And the sentinel knows 'neath the river's breast
Are two that never shall taste of rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

WILL THE SOUTH SUBMIT?

OUR foreign friends, unable any longer to deny the successes of the Union arms, now take refuge in the general assertion that, whip them as we may, the rebels will not submit. The cry is re-echoed by the Copperhead organs North; they are satisfied that the more we beat the enemy the stronger will grow his aversion for us and for the Union. And the same song is sung by the ragged rebel officers whom we are lodging at Fort Delaware, Johnson's Island, and other places of detention for prisoners of war. They have stopped bellowing about the last ditch. It is now the last man who is to die before the stars and bars sink into oblivion. They may be beaten, decimated, driven from house and home, but they will never submit.

It would be easy to show that this is the invariable talk of angry belligerents. The British were never going to submit to the independence of the colonies; so said the King and a dozen of his ministers. The French were never going to submit to be ruled by a Bourbon again; yet Louis XVIII. was crowned quite quietly, and ate himself to death in peace. Austria was never going to submit to the loss of Lombardy; yet she gets on very well now with the *re galantuomo*. Russia was never going to submit to the loss of Sebastopol; still she bore the event with fortitude when the time came. The "last ditch and last man" talk is almost always indulged in by the leaders of a belligerent army up to a certain point, mainly for the sake of keeping up the spirits of their followers. But it is never carried into practice. The most ardent and the most obstinate combatant will surrender when he can't do any thing else. There are no more obstinate men in the South than George the Third was, and certainly no more bitter pill can well be offered to any one than the one that monarch gulped when he received Mr. Adams as United States Minister Plenipotentiary: yet he swallowed it with a grimace.

To careful observers there are not a few indications already, both of the preparations of the South for submission, and of the manner in which they propose to submit. These are especially noticeable along the Mississippi River. When the war broke out the rebels held the river from within twenty miles of Cairo to the mouth, and it is fair to presume that, with a few isolated exceptions here and there, the inhabitants of the Valley sympathized with the rebel cause. We have now conquered the Valley, and driven off or scattered the insurgent armies. The rebels have resorted to their only remaining resource—guerrilla warfare. But it is obvious at a glance that the victims of this warfare are not the Northern people or the Northern armies, but the few remaining Southern planters and their families. A guerrilla band, with whatever purposes it may originally be organized, becomes of necessity a mere band of robbers. To live, it must plunder. To plunder safely, it must attack, not military posts or regiments, but isolated houses and defenseless non-combatants. Plunder leads naturally to murder, rape, and arson, and thus the establishment of a system of guerrilla warfare, such as the rebel chiefs have authorized in the Mississippi Valley, simply inflicts upon their own people, in their own country, the most horrible sufferings, without injuring us in the least. What is the result? We have seen within a week a letter from the largest slaveholder in the State of Mississippi, stating that the outrages of the guerrillas are intolerable, and that "if President Lincoln would only recall the decree of emancipation, and annul the Confiscation Act," the people of that region would return to their allegiance *en masse*. Newspaper correspondents all tell the same story. The country is devastated, the people frantic; only let them have their slaves, they say, and they will become our best friends. It is pretty clear that after a few months or weeks more discipline under the *régime* they created, they will say no more about conditions, but will beg for protection.

Further south, in Louisiana, the same result is being reached by a different process. In that State the guerrillas have not gained much headway. But several enterprising Northern men have "squatted" on abandoned plantations, hired negro labor, and, though exposed to repeated attacks from the rebels, and drafts upon their laboring force by the Union generals, have done exceedingly well. We hear of one young man who has made $50,000 in a single season; of others who have realized $20,000, $25,000, and $30,000. The soil will yield as handsome harvests of cotton or sugar to a squatter as to the owner of the fee. This sort of thing naturally extends itself. There are plenty of Southerners who will become Union men for the sake of a fat plantation, even if the original owner will not. And to us of the North it matters very little who owns the land, so long as he behaves himself loyally.

The best guide, however, to the change of sentiment which is going on at the South may be found in Missouri and Kentucky. In those States, though they never actually seceded, the Pro-slavery sentiment was as dominant at the outbreak of the war as in Tennessee and Arkansas; and the difference between pro-slaveryism and rebellion is only one of degree. In those days an Abolitionist was about as safe at Richmond or Charleston as in Kentucky or Missouri. Now mark the difference. The Missouri papers are full of appeals for mercy from the remnant of the pro-slavery men. It is they who are down now, and the foot of the anti-slavery men presses pretty heavily on their necks. The slave-owners of Western Missouri are being protected against the bloody vengeance of the opponents of slavery by regiments of Kansas troops, recruited from the Free State men, whom, five years ago, these very Missouri border-ruffians did their best to exterminate. In Kentucky it is becoming quite respectable to be an Abolitionist, and the slave-owners are rapidly becoming afraid of their position, and nervous if our generals do not leave troops near them. A leading Kentuckian assured a gentleman in this city within a few days that, if the Union party had imagined they could elect Bramlette by 50,000 majority, they would have run straight-out Emancipationists, and would have elected them. At the next election in Kentucky slavery will receive its death-blow. We say that this change of sentiment in Missouri and Kentucky supplies the key to the way in which the rebels of the further South will submit; because it is evident at a glance that if you remove slavery, you abolish the only substantial ground of difference between us and the rebels, and it then becomes more their interest than ours to restore the Union.

We must not delude ourselves about the end of the war. It has not come yet, and we have hard work before us still—reverses as well as victories, long marches, cruel privations, disappointments, and trials of patience. The rebels have still powerful and veteran armies, which must be beaten and scattered before our work can be pronounced complete. But we have made great, glorious progress since the spring, and, however distant the end may be, it is much more certain than it ever was.

THE BRITISH PIRATES.

LAIRD'S Anglo-Rebel rams are not going to sea without a struggle. On 8th September Earl Russell informed Mr. Adams that the Government would take the responsibility of detaining them, and would send the case into the courts. Public opinion, it seems, had at last compelled the tricksters in the British Government to make a show, at all events, of enforcing their laws.

We must not be too precipitate, however, in assuming that the rams will not get to sea. The latest Anglo-Rebel pirate—the *Georgia*—was also arrested by the Government and held for trial. She was, however, suffered to escape, and her armament was supplied her by another British vessel, which met her off the coast of France. In that case, the presumption and the evidence as to the destination of the vessel were as strong as they will probably be in the case of the iron-clads. Every body concerned in the trial knew perfectly well what the *Japan*, alias *Georgia*, was intended for. Yet she escaped—simply because British officials were unanimous in their wish to see our commerce destroyed for the benefit of that of Great Britain.

The fate of the iron-clad rams will depend, not on the evidence adduced on the trial, but on the probable capacity and readiness of this country to punish England if they are permitted to go to sea. If we seem willing and prepared to make England responsible for these rams, they will be detained, with or without evidence. But if the progress of the war appears to foreshadow rebel successes, and a probable unwillingness or incapacity on our part to try conclusions with a foreign power, the rams will be released, after going through the form of a trial. It is impossible to read the English papers without discovering that it was the astonishing capture of the *Atlanta* by the *Weehawken*, after fifteen minutes' fight, that created that public opinion in England to which alone we owe the present detention of Laird's ships.

THE LOUNGER.

BORDER STATE POLICY.

THE Copperhead journals try to plume themselves upon Governor Bramlette's election in Kentucky, and have plenty to say of Kentucky conservatism. Now as Mr. Wickliffe was the candidate of the anti-war and anti-administration party, and was hopelessly defeated, it is pretty clear that Kentucky decides for the war. How vigorously she wishes the war waged, Governor Bramlette's message shows—a paper which has not been very widely circulated in Copperhead circles. It may be cited as an exposition of the present Border State policy.

Upon the great question of the war itself the Governor says: "We will not sanction acts violative of constitutional right, but we will not therefore neglect the use of every necessary means to protect and defend the Constitution against rebel efforts to destroy it, merely because somebody does not understand or regard its provisions as we do. ....Because we furnish the means we do not commit ourselves in favor of the mode of applying them.....It is our duty to supply the means; the duty of others to apply them.....Our objection (to arming negroes) is not to the power, 'but to the policy.' For this, as well as other evils resulting from the rebellion, we will....appeal to the ballot-box as the corrective."

All this is intelligible, and not less so is the following paragraph in which Governor Bramlette shows just how far he sympathizes with Copperheads. "We can not too strongly condemn the factious opposition of those who assail, not to correct, but for the purpose of weakening the loyalty of the citizen, and fettering the movements of the Government. *We condemn, as treasonable, the efforts of those who attempt to organize, under pretense of opposition to obnoxious war measures, a party whose real purpose is not to correct the evils complained of, but use them as a pretense for withholding the necessary supplies and aid for our defense, and thus aid and assist the rebellion.*"

Two years ago the Border State policy was to be let alone. Now it is an overwhelming support of the war against rebellion by every means, and objecting to the black regiments merely as a matter of expediency not of right. Two years hence, or sooner, it will be emancipation.

A WAR TICKET.

IF the Seymour ticket in the New York election, the ticket for which he spoke, and which his friends nominated, the ticket which every shade of Copperhead supports, and whose success every rebel chief ardently desires—if this ticket, which Fernando and Benjamin sustain, because, although not what they wanted, it is the best they could get—is a "war ticket," why is it that its great advocate, Governor Seymour, and his friends have always been such indifferent friends of the soldiers?

Last winter the citizen voters of this State who are in arms for their country were deprived of their votes by Governor Seymour and his friends.

On the 4th of July, when it was known that at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Gettysburg the soldiers were fighting and falling in the most sacred cause, the friends of the Governor held a meeting at the Academy of Music, and the Governor himself smilingly sneered at our military operations; and while he defamed the Government and the loyal States, and deliberately hinted at a mob, had not a single word of sympathy for his fellow-citizens in the field.

A little later, when the rebellion was sorely smitten, and our own forces were returning in such numbers as to make an immediate increase of the army most desirable for us, in order to follow up the blows we had struck, and when, for the same reason, an appearance of hearty unity and resolution at the North would have been of itself a finishing blow, Governor Seymour and his friends were coquetting with a brutal, sanguinary mob, and by every means delaying the advance of reinforcements.

The friends of the soldiers smile as Governor Seymour and his "friends" ask their votes for the "Seymour war ticket." A Seymour war, they have learned, is not waged against rebels, but against the Government.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is called a shrewd man. Let us see. He sends an army to Mexico. The General declares that his only object is to protect the people in choosing a Government to please themselves. Having beaten the Mexican armies and bombarded the Mexican cities, he appoints a commission of persons whom Mexico distrusts, and this commission names a triumvirate of men whom the Mexicans hate. This authority, appointed and sustained by French arms, changes the government to an empire, and offers the crown to an Austrian Prince, and, if he declines, to Louis Napoleon as trustee. In this state of things Louis Napoleon's Parisian organ inquires what the United States will probably say; and answers its own question by remarking, "Unless he would deny to the Mexicans the right of managing their own affairs the Washington Secretary of State would be obliged to accept as legitimate the return of Mexico to Monarchy."

Let us now put the boot upon the other foot. If the United States should send an army to Italy, and having defeated the Italians in the field, should install Mazzini as Dictator, and he should decree a Republic, unless the French Emperor would deny to the Italians the right of managing their own affairs, he would be obliged to accept as legitimate the establishment of the Republic in Italy.

If Louis Napoleon is a shrewd man, he is certainly not very shrewdly defended.

FEE, FAW, FUM.

THE most manly, frank, fair, and honorable of New York newspapers, in the same way that Benedict Arnold was the most patriotic of our Revolutionary heroes, asks whether Andrews, the rioter, was not "sent on here to get up a riot, in order to have a pretext for declaring martial law in New York?" Of course he was; and it was only another instance of "Gorilla Lincoln's" utter disregard of the Constitution. It was part of the nefarious plot by which he called all the militia regiments out of the city in order that Andrews might have full swing. It belongs to the same scheme by which Lincoln procured the escape of Lee's army in order to have a fresh excuse for invading Virginia and shooting our innocent brethren of "the South." In fact, it is equally notorious with his getting up the riots that Old Abe put Jeff Davis up to rebellion in order to have an excuse for raising an army and navy to exterminate every vestige of Constitutional right and trample upon all the liberties of every citizen; and then to found an Oriental despotism upon our ruin, change his name from Abe to Tamerlane, and grind our bones to make his bread.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

GOLDWIN SMITH, Professor of History at Oxford, and one of the noblest and most faithful of our friends in England, made a speech last April urging the British Government to prevent the sailing of pirates from British ports. The London *Times* denounced the meeting and the speeches, and branded as "traitors" those who demanded that the duties of neutrality should be more strictly performed.

Mr. Smith has now written a letter recalling these facts, quoting the spirit of the speeches and the comments of the *Times*, and then citing extracts from the late articles of that paper upon the subject in which his own conclusions are urged, although upon meaner grounds, and he concludes: "After this, Sir, I think we are entitled to ask, who are the 'traitors' to the honor of England, those who in April last counseled her to listen to the voice of justice, or those who, having at that time counseled her to be deaf to the voice of justice, now counsel her to listen to the voice of fear?"

Goldwin Smith is one of the English names which will be very precious to us hereafter.

England of Bright and Cobden, Cairnes and Mill,
You are the England of John Milton still.

WHO IS THE DEMOCRAT?

A COPPERHEAD authority complains that Vice-President Hamlin lately addressed "small political gatherings at the cross-roads and in the taverns of the rural districts of Maine." The critic claims, of course, to be peculiarly Democratic. But he has yet to learn that at just such cross-road, and district school-room, and tavern-parlor meetings the public opinion is educated and formed which governs the country. And it is the glory of our system that no office exalts a man beyond his duties as a citizen, one of the first of which is the instruction and enlightenment of his neighbors. When John Quincy Adams, having been President, goes to Congress as a Representative, he illustrates perfectly the truly democratic character of our institutions. And when Mr. Hamlin, being Vice-President, confers with his fellow-citizens upon their public duty in a time of great national peril, it is a signal example which every faithful American will emulate. It is not those who cry "Lord, Lord," who are most religious. Nor is it those who call themselves "Democrats" who are most democratic. It would be hard to find in our history two men more simply, honestly, and entirely democratic than Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin.

LITERARY.

"THE Bivouac and the Battle-Field," by Captain G. F. Noyes (Harpers), is one of the personal memoirs upon which the historian of the war will depend for his most picturesque and animating passages. It is a record of the personal experience of one of General Doubleday's first staff in Virginia, told so simply, nimbly, and graphically, that the reader who gives up in despair the elaborate and scientific accounts of military life and movement will at once comprehend the daily routine of a soldier in active service. It is full of anecdote, of incident, and of striking descriptions, and is a most delightful and instructive volume.

"Revised United States Army Regulations of 1861," with an appendix containing the changes and laws affecting army regulations and Articles of War to June 25, 1863. (G. W. Childs, Philadelphia.) This seems to be a complete body of military details. The duties of officers and men, volunteers and drafted soldiers, proceedings in civil courts and instructions in cases of army claims, encampments, marches, guards, military law, subsistence, equipments, are all explained; and every subject is accessible by the most carefully elaborated and comprehensive index. A military authority declares the work to be essential "to every officer, every office, and as many of our intelligent soldiers as possible," the old copy being obsolete. And if essential to military men, it is at this time a most interesting book for civilians to consult.

"The Capital of the Tycoon," a narrative of a three years' residence in Japan, by Sir Rutherford Alcock. This is the story of the British Minister in Japan, and it is the most comprehensive survey of Japanese life and institutions that we have had. The detailed descriptions and the copious illustrations, with fac-similes from Japanese drawings, give it a curious interest. Sir Rutherford kept his eyes open constantly, and does not omit the smallest details. He tells us that the Cape jasmine is one of the few flowers in Japan that are fragrant, and that the wheat is never sown broadcast. His descriptions of social life are valuable; and from his account it is clear that there is the same kind of fierce, barbarous hate of foreigners in Japan that there is of men who love liberty in our southern country. As to the vexed question of the treaties between Japan and Great Britain, Sir Rutherford clearly inclines to the opinion that the Japanese should be strictly held to their agreements. The chief difficulty lies in the disposition of the Daimios, a kind of regal aristocracy. But he says that the Government represents and controls elements of strength and order independent of them, and with that Government a firm and friendly policy is desirable. It is a most timely work. (Harper & Brothers.)

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

The most amusing result of the overwhelming Union and Administration victory in Maine is the various shades of excuses urged by the various shades of Copperheads for their disastrous popular defeat. One says it was because the Copperhead platform was not strong enough for peace. Another declares that it was not strong enough for war. But the most ludicrous of all is the position of the paper which said on the 12th of August that the platform of "the Democracy" in New York "will be that of the Kentucky conservatives, that of General Tuttle in Iowa, *that of Bion Bradbury in Maine.... It embraces unconditional loyalty to the Union.... the support of the war by all necessary men and means.*" On the 15th September, the morning after the news from Maine, the same paper remarked in a double-leaded paragraph: "There is a very simple solution for the defeat of the Democracy..... Bion Bradbury, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was set up not only as a Copperhead of the peace pattern of Seymour of Connecticut," etc, etc. And it concludes by saying that, if the party had adopted the platform which on the 12th of August it declared it *had* adopted, Bradbury would have been elected.

Of all political slop the drivel of what is called "Conservatism" is the poorest.

MUSIC.

Our winter prospect of music is most excellent. Max Maretzek, the best operatic manager we have had, will direct the Academy with Medori, whose success in Norma and the grander rôles was very decided. He announces fresh operas and good singers, and the public has learned that he keeps his word. He has established, by long and faithful service, a feeling of interest in the public heart which is a part of his capital; and every frequenter and lover of the Opera heartily bids him welcome again and God-speed.

Mr. Gottschalk, also, begins a series of concerts in the city immediately. He has no superior for popularity in the concert-room, and his manipulation of the piano is marvelous. No man executes such astonishing *tours de force* as Gottschalk, and yet, in certain impassioned pieces of Chopin, he is as rigorously exact as the most purely classical performer. It is a constant surprise and pleasure to hear him, and he has mastered the secret of success.

Mr. Anschütz, stimulated by his good fortune last year, will produce the German Opera, more perfectly represented than last year. But he will search far before he gives us any thing better than Madame Johannsen's *Fidelio;* and we earnestly beg him to remember that he will disappoint his most faithful friends if he does not let us hear that Opera very often.

AN OLD SAW AND MODERN INSTANCE.

The excellent Governor Seymour says, in his last speech, "I am not disposed to criticise the President's recent letter unkindly." Probably not. His Excellency's success in criticising and answering the President's letters has not been signal. The same remark may be made of his Excellency's similar efforts with the letters of General Dix. It is a wise old saw that says, "A burned child fears the fire."

THE MODEL CONSERVATIVE.

Let every man whose support is claimed for the anti-administration ticket reflect, that the chief authority which declares that the Government will be defeated in this State by fifty or sixty thousand majority insists that Fernando Wood should be made next Speaker of the House, because "he can best serve the Conservative cause in that position."

The ex-Mayor and hero of the Peace meeting, who regretted that he could not send arms to the rebels, is presented as the model "Conservative." And justly so. Of what is now called "Conservatism"—a policy for the success of which Jeff Davis prays—he is a perfect representative.

REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Lounger has received several letters informing him that Mr. Seymour is the purest of patriots and the greatest of statesmen. He has also received several stating that Mr. Lincoln is an ape, a gorilla, and a baboon. The Lounger has the honor in these lines to reply to both classes of his correspondents, and to inform them that he is of a different opinion. He does not consider a gentleman who has conducted this war to its present condition an ape or a gorilla; nor does he think a gentleman who says that he prefers slavery to the Union the purest of patriots; nor a Governor who calls bloody rioters his "friends" the greatest of statesmen.

HAWTHORNE'S LETTER TO PIERCE.

That Mr. Hawthorne should cling to his college friends is natural. That he should feel kindly toward the man by whose influence he went to Europe, and saw "Our Old Home," is simply human. That after that man had shown himself in his official career the most pliant of tools for the basest of purposes, and in his subsequent retirement the most shameless abettor of bloody war upon the Union Mr. Hawthorne should be anxious to declare his friendship, is a kind of friendly generosity which is yet intelligible. But that he should gravely say of Franklin Pierce that "no man's loyalty is more steadfast," can be explained only by the fact that the letter to Pierce is dated on the 2d of July, while it was not until the 4th of July that Pierce made his Concord speech, and not until September that his letter to Jeff Davis was published, in which the ex-President assures his ex-Secretary that the North would support his rebellion even to blood.

Mr. Hawthorne owes it to himself—to every friend of his who loves liberty and man—to his country, and to the name of loyalty which he profanes by coupling it with so dishonored a name as Franklin Pierce—to explain in a subsequent edition that the final proof of Pierce's infamy had not then been spoken or printed, and was unknown to him.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

General Halleck is fast recovering from his late protracted though not serious indisposition, through all of which his official labors have been pursued with that inexorable industry which is one of his main characteristics. He is at his head-quarters every morning at nine, and remains at work until four in the afternoon, when he returns to his residence on Georgetown Heights. His labors are again resumed at eight in the evening, and continues without intermission until the last item of the day's work is disposed of—often not ceasing until the "wee sma' hours" after midnight.

General Benjamin F. Butler will enter immediately into the canvass in Pennsylvania in favor of the re-election of Governor Curtin. His first speech will be made at Harrisburg.

Lieutenant-Commander James E. Jonett is detached from the command of the *R. R. Cuyler*, and ordered to the command of the *Sebago*.

Among the casualties in the recent battle of Chattanooga are the following:

Colonel Heg and Colonel Bradley, commanding brigades, wounded.

Colonel Jones, of the Thirty-sixth Ohio regiment, and Colonel Carroll and Major Vannetta, of the Tenth Indiana regiment, wounded.

Lieutenant Jones, of Company A, Tenth Indiana regiment, killed.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt, of the Fortieth Kentucky regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, of the Second Ohio regiment, wounded.

Lieutenant Degraw, Lieutenant Ludlow, and Lieutenant Fessenden, of Battery H, Fifth Artillery, wounded.

Lieutenant Floyd, of Battery I, Fourth Artillery, and Captain Brown, of the Thirty-first Illinois regiment, wounded.

Captain Searles, Assistant Adjutant-General of Starkweather's brigade, killed.

Quarter-master-General Meigs departed last week on his inspection tour through the several military departments. Colonel Thomas, of Philadelphia, is Acting Quarter-master-General. It is reported that General Ingalls is also about to set out upon a mission similar to that of General Meigs.

A young officer recently released from the Libby prison in Richmond, furnishes the following information in relation to Captain Sawyer and Flynn, who were condemned to death by Jeff Davis:

Captains Sawyer and Flynn, it will be remembered, have been condemned to death in retaliation for the execution by General Burnside of two rebel officers caught recruiting within his lines. The Richmond mob demanded the death of these brave and patriotic men, but the authorities were deterred by the threatened fate of Winder and Lee, held by us at Fortress Monroe. Captains Sawyer and Flynn are confined in a sort of cage or bin partitioned off from the cellar of the building. Measured by the eye, it appeared not larger than six feet by eight. The only light and air are admitted through a hole near the ceiling, about a foot square, through which also the food is passed down twice a day. This den is damp, dark, and most shockingly filthy; and the unfortunate victims of rebel hatred are enduring within it a living death from day to day. The plan seems to be, since their cowardly tormentors dared not shoot or hang them, to torture their lives away by this long agony, and then report them as having died of sickness.

The court of inquiry demanded by Colonel Davis, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, is still in session at Washington. This inquisition thus far fails to adduce any evidence derogatory to Colonel Davis's character as a brave and useful officer.

Commander Reed Worden has been ordered to the Navy-yard at Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-Commander R. V. Scott is detached from the South Atlantic Blockading squadron, sick, and waiting orders.

Lieutenant-Commander Clark Wells is detached from the Navy-yard at Philadelphia and ordered to the command of the *Galena*.

Captain Barker, Fifth New York Cavalry, was seriously wounded near Kelly's Ford on 17th. There is some reason to believe that the shot was fired by a deserting conscript to avoid being captured.

The many friends of Major R. J. Falls will be pleased to learn that he has so far recovered from the injuries received in General Stoneman's raid to the rear of Lee's army as to be able to perform light duty. He has been ordered on General Hatch's Staff, at Philadelphia, where his duties are mainly the instruction of young officers.

A letter from Cairo says: Some changes have taken place in this vicinity since last I wrote you. They are as follows:

Colonel W. F. Lynch, of the Fifty-eighth Illinois Infantry, is to command the post of Cairo, *vice* General A. B. Buford, who is ordered to Helena.

Captain J. R. Freese, of Pennsylvania, late with General Montgomery, is Acting Assistant Adjutant-General to Colonel Lynch.

Captain T. C. Weatyard goes with General Buford as his Assistant Adjutant-General. Lieutenant Cooper, his aid-de-camp, will also go to Helena with General Buford. They start to-day.

Colonel James K. Mills, Twenty-fourth Missouri, is commanding at Union City, in place of Colonel Fox, who is ordered to St. Louis to attend the court-martial there.

Captain Benson, Thirty-second Iowa, is commanding at Island No. 10, in place of Captain Gordon, relieved to accompany his command to Nashville.

Major W. R. Rowley, newly appointed to the responsible position on General Grant's Staff of Provost Marshal of the Department of the Tennessee, started yesterday for Vicksburg to assume the duties of the post. He has been upon the General's Staff since the times of Donelson, and is an able, experienced officer and a gentleman. What Colonel Kent, the present occupant of the Provost Marshalship, is to do has not transpired. He will probably have a leave of absence, or be assigned some equally important duty with that he has been relieved from.

The following assignments of medical officers have been made:

Assistant Surgeons S. S. Holman and Enoch Pearce, U. S. Volunteers, recently appointed, to report to Major-General Meade, commanding Army of the Potomac.

Assistant Surgeon Kneeland, U. S. Volunteers, to report to Major-General Banks, commanding Department of the Gulf.

Assistant Surgeons W. S. Ely, H. C. Roberts, and C. C. Chaffee, U. S. Volunteers, to report to Major-General Foster, commanding Department of North Carolina.

Assistant Surgeon M. K. Hogan, U. S. Volunteers, to report to the Medical Director, Washington, for duty with Battalion First, D. C. Volunteers, Colonel L. C. Baker.

Assistant Surgeons H. W. Burritt, Gerhard Saul, and Robert Gowan, U. S. Volunteers, to report in person to Major-General Burnside, and by letter to Assistant Surgeon-General R. C. Wood, at St. Louis, Missouri.

Assistant Surgeons M. H. Salisbury and J. C. Norton, U. S. Volunteers, to report to Major-General Rosecrans, and by letter to Assistant Surgeon-General R. C. Wood, at St. Louis, Missouri.

Assistant Surgeons Jabez Perkins and W. C. Daniels, U. S. Volunteers, to report to Major-General Grant, and by letter to Assistant Surgeon-General Wood, at St. Louis, Missouri.

Assistant Surgeon John D. Wood, U. S. Volunteers, is hereby relieved from duty in the Medical Department, and will report in person, without delay, to Major-General Rosecrans, Department of the Cumberland, and by letter to Assistant Surgeon-General R. C. Wood, at St. Louis, Missouri.

Surgeon Edward Skippen, U. S. Volunteers, now on duty in the Army of the Potomac, will report without delay to Surgeon W. S. King, U. S. Army, Medical Director Department of the Susquehanna, to relieve Surgeon Paul B. Goddard, U. S. Volunteers, in charge of the South Street General Hospital, Philadelphia.

Commander John C. Howell has been detached from the command of the *Metacomet* and ordered to the command of the *Nereus*.

Commander T. G. Corbin has been detached from the Naval Academy and ordered on ordnance duty in the Philadelphia Navy-yard.

Commander Donald M'N. Fairfax has been ordered to the Naval Academy as commandant of midshipmen.

Lieutenant-Commander P. Lowry has been ordered to the command of the *Metacomet*.

Captain Jacob S. Stretch, Provost Marshal for the Third district of Pennsylvania, has been dismissed.

General Burnside, the Washington *Republican* says, tendered his resignation not on account of any personal or political grievances, but from a desire to attend to his private affairs. Having finished his campaign in Tennessee, he thought he might be relieved from service. The President thought otherwise; and at his request General Burnside has patriotically consented to remain at the head of his command.

Four hundred men, belonging to Colonel Tevis's cavalry regiment, arrived at Philadelphia on 21st from Fort Delaware. They were originally captured rebels, who refused to be exchanged, took the oath of allegiance, and joined the Union service.

Subscriptions for M'Clellan testimonials are passing through the Army of the Potomac. One of these, proffered to an officer, was headed by General Sykes with a subscription for $20.

Major-General Dix, commanding the Department of the East, is about to visit Boston on a tour of inspection. He will be accompanied by General Totten of the Engineer Corps.

Governor Todd has sent James M. Edwards (Rep.) and Colonel William Mungen (Dem.) to General Grant's army to canvass the votes of the soldiers. He has also arranged to record the votes of the Ohio soldiers in other armies.

The rebel ram *Atlanta* arrived in Philadelphia last week, in tow of the United States steam-frigate *Powhatan*. The *Atlanta* will be fitted up for sea in such manner as may seem best to the naval authorities.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

A very important and bloody battle was fought near Chattanooga on Saturday, 19th, and Sunday, 20th Sept., between General Rosecrans and Bragg's rebel army, which had been heavily reinforced. Up to the present time we have no full and reliable account of the battle. A Louisville dispatch, received here on 21st, stated that Rosecrans had been "badly beaten." Later dispatches merely speak of his being obliged to fall back on Chattanooga. The following account is condensed from the Washington *Star*, and is supposed to be official:

BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT.

On Saturday, the 19th, a demonstration was made by the rebels in strong force, which appears to have been repelled by the force under General Thomas, with the advantage on the Union side.

On Sunday an engagement commenced late in the morning. The first gun was fired at nine A.M., but no considerable firing took place until ten. Previous to ten o'clock General Rosecrans rode the whole length of our line. Soon after the battle commenced.

General Thomas, who held the left, began to call for reinforcements. About twelve o'clock word came that he had been forced to retire.

The second line of reinforcements were then sent to him, and M'Cook's whole corps, which was on the right and as a reserve in the centre, was sent to his assistance. General Wood, of Crittenden's corps, and Van Cleve, who held the front centre, were also ordered to the left, where the fury of the cannonade showed that the enemy's force was massed.

Their places were filled by Davis and Sheridan, of General M'Cook's corps. But hardly had these divisions taken their places in the line, when the rebel fire, which had slackened, burst out in immense volleys upon the centre.

This lasted about twenty minutes, and then Van Cleve, on Thomas's right, was seen to give way, but in tolerable order; soon after which the lines of Sheridan and Davis broke in disorder, borne down by the enemy's columns, which are said to have consisted of Polk's corps. These two divisions were the only divisions thrown into much disorder. Those of Negley and Van Cleve were thrown into confusion, but soon rallied and held their places, the first on the left and the second on the right of Thomas's corps. Davis and Sheridan, late in the day, succeeded in rallying about eight thousand of their forces, and joined Thomas.

THOMAS CHANGES POSITION.

General Thomas, finding himself cut off from the right, brought his division into position for independent fighting, his line assuming the form of a horse-shoe along the crest of a wooded ridge. He was soon joined by Granger, from Rossville, with a division of General M'Cook and General Steadman's division, and with these forces firmly maintained the fight until after dark.

Our troops were as immovable as the rocks they stood on. The enemy repeatedly hurled against them the dense columns which had routed Davis and Sheridan in the morning; but every onset was repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Falling first on one and then on the other point of our lines, the rebels for hours vainly sought to break them. General Thomas seemed to have filled every soldier with his own unconquerable firmness; and General Granger, his hat torn by bullets, rode like a lion wherever the combat was thickest. Every division commander bore himself gloriously, and among them Generals Turchen, Hazen, and ~~Parker~~ especially distinguished themselves. Turchen charged through the rebel lines with the bayonet, and being surrounded, forced his way back again. X ~~Parker~~, who had two horses shot under him on Saturday, forming his men in one line, made them lie down until the enemy was close upon them, when suddenly they rose and delivered their fire, with such effect that the assaulting columns fell back in confusion, leaving the ground covered with killed. When night fell this body of heroes stood on the same ground occupied by them in the morning, their spirits being unbroken. Their losses are not yet estimated.

X Harker

NET RESULTS.

General Thomas telegraphs (Monday forenoon) that the troops are in high spirits. He brought off all his wounded. Of the sick and wounded at Crawfish Spring, including our main hospital, nearly all had been brought away.

The number of prisoners taken by the enemy will hardly surpass two thousand, besides the wounded, of whom not more than one thousand could have fallen into their hands. Of rebel prisoners we have sent thirteen hundred to Nashville.

Most of our losses in artillery were occasioned by the killing of all the horses.

General Thomas retired to Rossville on Sunday night after the battle had closed.

General Rosecrans had issued orders for all his troops to be concentrated with the forces at Chattanooga.

In the last two assaults our troops fought with bayonets, their ammunition being exhausted.

The latest information that has reached this city is from Chattanooga last evening, and was to the effect that General Rosecrans would concentrate on Chattanooga last night.

General Thomas had been engaged with the enemy prior to 5 P.M. yesterday, and it was therefore questionable whether he would be able to reach Chattanooga last night.

There were indications that the enemy were contemplating a demonstration on another part of our line last evening.

THE CAVALRY FIGHT AT CULPEPPER.

We have received the full details of the recent cavalry fight with the rebels near to, at, and beyond Culpepper Court-House. The Union forces were under the chief command of General Pleasanton, with Generals Buford, Kilpatrick, and Gregg as division commanders. The gallantry of our troops has again been brought to the test with a grand result. The rebels were under the command of General Stuart, and the rebel accounts of the fight acknowledge the loss of the three pieces of artillery mentioned in the Union accounts as having been captured from them. The rebels took refuge in the houses of Culpepper during the contest, and fired from the windows and street-corners, necessitating the shelling of the place to drive them out, and thereby causing the death of several non-combatants. On Wednesday the rebels drove back part of our forces at Raccoon Ford; but General Kilpatrick, dismounting a Michigan cavalry regiment, and being assisted by artillery, speedily redrove the rebels back beyond the Rapidan, capturing seventeen prisoners. The head-quarters of the Union generals were also shelled without serious effect. The rebel guerrillas are still operating successfully on the outskirts of the various Union camp lines and along the railroads.

REPULSE AT SABINE PASS.

We have particulars of an expedition under General Franklin to the mouth of the Sabine River, Texas, which has proved unsuccessful. On arriving at the place designed for the landing of the troops, outside the enemy's fortifications, it was found impossible to disembark, owing to the marshy nature of the ground and excessively shallow water. Upon the gun-boats *Clifton*, *Sachem*, and *Arizona*, therefore, devolved the whole task of attacking the batteries, and they came gallantly up to the work. The bombardment continued some time, gradually increasing in briskness until the vessels got within point-blank range of the forts, when the enemy suddenly opened a terrific fire, in which they were aided by a fleet of three cotton-clad steamers and a schooner further up the river. At first the fire from our gun-boats was more accurate than that of the enemy, and we seemed clearly to be getting the advantage; but unfortunately the *Sachem* grounded broadside to the rebel fleet, and very soon she was riddled and left an utter wreck. The *Arizona's* greater draft of water would not admit of her nearer approach to the batteries, and the *Clifton* was compelled to essay the task of silencing them unaided. In the gallant attempt she also struck hard on the bottom, and was not long before meeting a fate similar to the *Sachem's*. Captain Crocker, her commander, made a heroic effort to save his vessel, but seeing the matter hopeless, he loaded his after-gun with a 9-inch solid shot, and fired it through the centre of the ship, crashing the machinery in pieces and effectually destroying the vessel. The *Arizona* was then forced reluctantly to withdraw, unable to cope singly with the enemy. Besides the vessels' crews, we lost as prisoners 98 soldiers, who were acting as sharp-shooters. The numbers killed and wounded are not very large.

OCCUPATION OF LITTLE ROCK.

The following dispatch has been received at the head-quarters of the army at Washington:

DISPATCH FROM GENERAL STEELE.

Little Rock, Arkansas, *September* 10, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

We have just entered Little Rock. The cavalry under General Davidson is pursuing the enemy, who are in full retreat South.

F. R. Steele, Major-General.

SURPRISE OF OUR MEN.

A dispatch, dated Knoxville, Tennessee, Wednesday, September 16, says: On Wednesday, Lieutenant-Colonel Cayes, with 300 men of the One Hundredth Ohio regiment, was attacked near Tilford, 23 miles up the railroad, by 1800 rebels under General Jackson.

After fighting gallantly for two hours, our forces, losing heavily in killed and wounded, were compelled to surrender to overpowering numbers.

CHARLESTON.

At latest dates General Gilmore was very busy mounting heavy guns on the upper part of Morris Island for the purpose of bombarding Charleston, and, although Fort Sumter was still held by the rebels, the siege was progressing favorably. General Gilmore has issued an eloquent congratulatory order to his troops, and a copy is to be placed in the hands of every living officer and soldier who has participated in the Campaign on Morris Island. On the morning of the 15th inst. the magazine of one of the rebel batteries on Sand Point, near Fort Johnson, exploded with terrific violence, destroying the battery, its magazine, guns, etc. One hundred rebel prisoners, taken on Morris Island, came North in the *M'Clellan*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REBEL RAMS TO BE DETAINED.

We have the very important information that the British Government has decided to detain Laird's rebel iron rams. This fact has thrown a decided gloom over the rebels and their sympathizers in England.

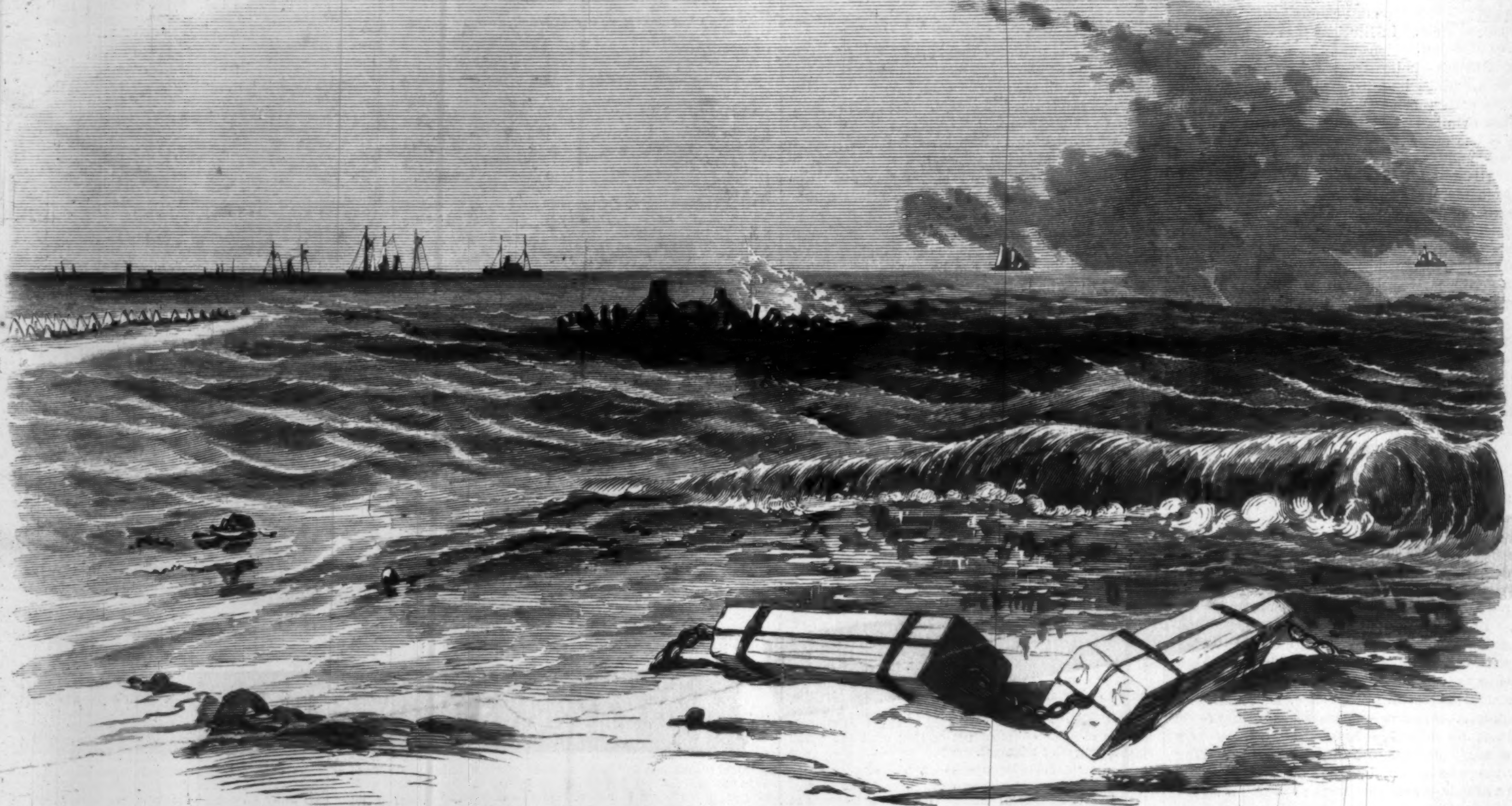
FRANCE.

THE NEW MEXICAN EMPEROR.

Three members of the Mexican deputation dispatched to tender the crown to the Archduke Maximilian have arrived in Paris. Although five of their colleagues were still at sea, it was reported that the offer had been made and accepted, the Cabinet of Spain, with the King of Belgium, approving of the decision of the Archduke. It was said that he stipulated for two conditions only, viz., "A unanimous appeal to him from the Mexican people, and the moral and material co-operation of the Western Powers in the establishment of a respected and stable Government."

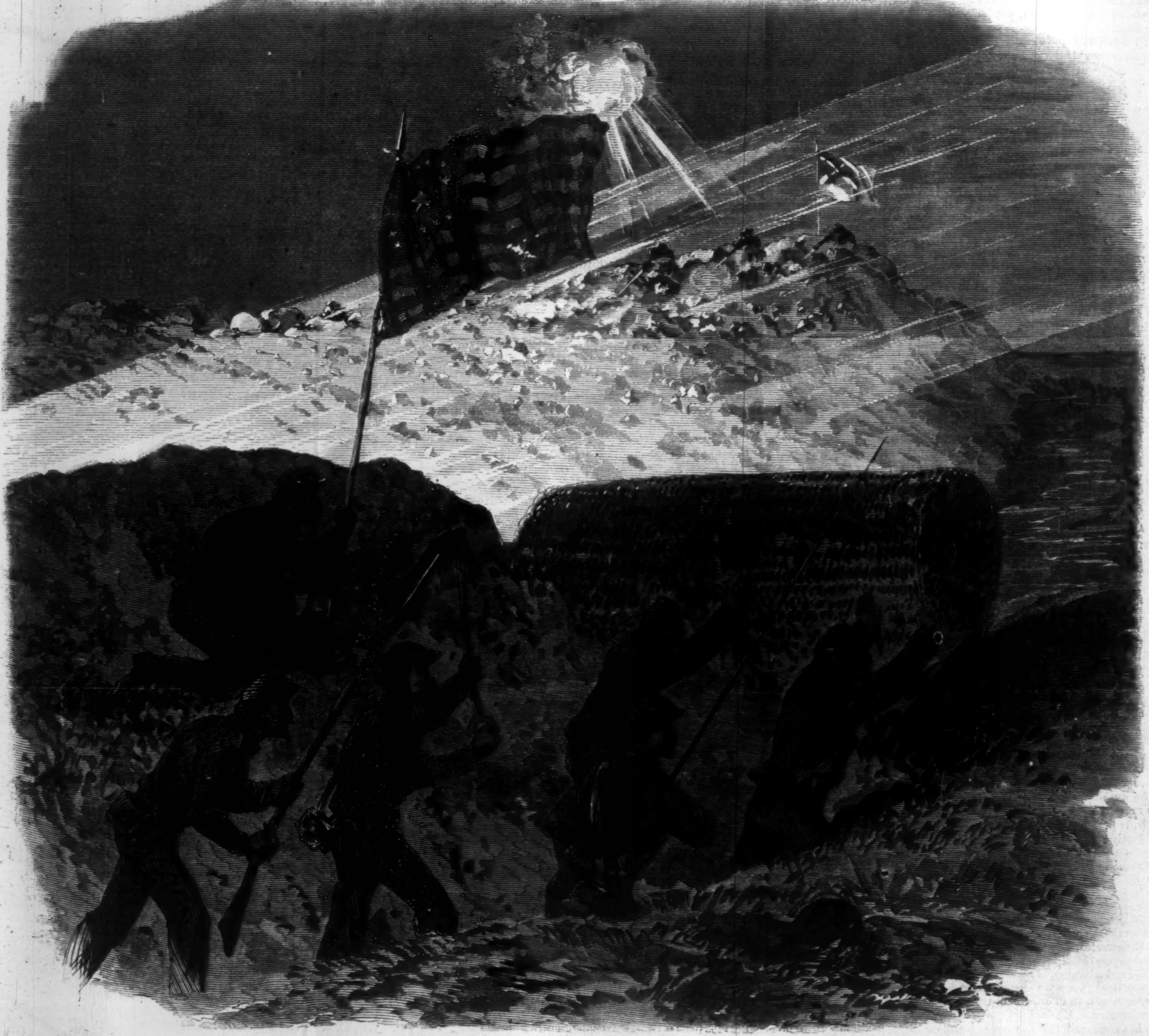
SEWARD'S CIRCULAR.

Secretary Seward's recent circular has caused some ill-feeling at the French Court. The *Moniteur*, with all the official journals of Paris, in publishing the paper, print the article of the London *Times*, in which it is analyzed and condemned, side by side with it.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—PORTION OF THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE HARBOR, WASHED ASHORE ON AN ISLAND.

From a Sketch by Surgeon Robinson, One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania.—[See Page 630.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE LAST NIGHT BEFORE WAGNER—THE HEAD OF THE SAP.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davi

CHARLESTON.

We continue in this number our series of illustrations of General Gilmore's campaign before Charleston, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. T. R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"REPULSE AT GREGG.

"Head-quarters, Morris Island, *Sept.* 15, 1863.

"The attempt to capture Battery Gregg by boat attack, though a failure, hastened, without doubt, the congé taken by the rebels of Morris Island on the night of the 6th ult.

"This I premise, that the real importance of the event may be more perfectly understood, and the daring exhibited in the attempt, though unsuccessful, may be more thoroughly appreciated.

"The scene upon the beach when, just at twilight, the boats that were to bear our gallant men upon their dangerous mission were being transported upon wagons to a point from whence a successful starting could be accomplished was full of suggestion. Would they be successful; or would the same boats be on the morrow shattered wrecks, each splinter stained with blood, telling of the sacrifice freely offered for our country's Union?

"Then waiting with more than eager eye and breathless anxiety stood to their guns the brave men, who watched from the different batteries for the first flash that would tell of a successful landing, or the discovery by an alert foe.

"Could we have captured Battery Gregg a few more of the 'Tchivulree' would now be at Hilton Head, awaiting their transportation to the land of 'Unculpsalm.'

"MOULTRIE.

"The sketch of Fort Moultrie and the batteries upon Sullivan's Island gives the scene which was witnessed by the sturdy Jack Tars who manned our iron-clads in their last attack upon these works, and which was hailed by them with cheer after cheer.

"The *Weehawken* had just grounded upon a shoal near Morris Island, and the concentrated fire of the rebel batteries was being hurled against her, when, by a fortunate accident, a shell from one of her monster guns blew up the magazine of Fort Moultrie. Just at this time, too, Moultrieville was in flames, the smoke hanging in grand masses over the angry scene.

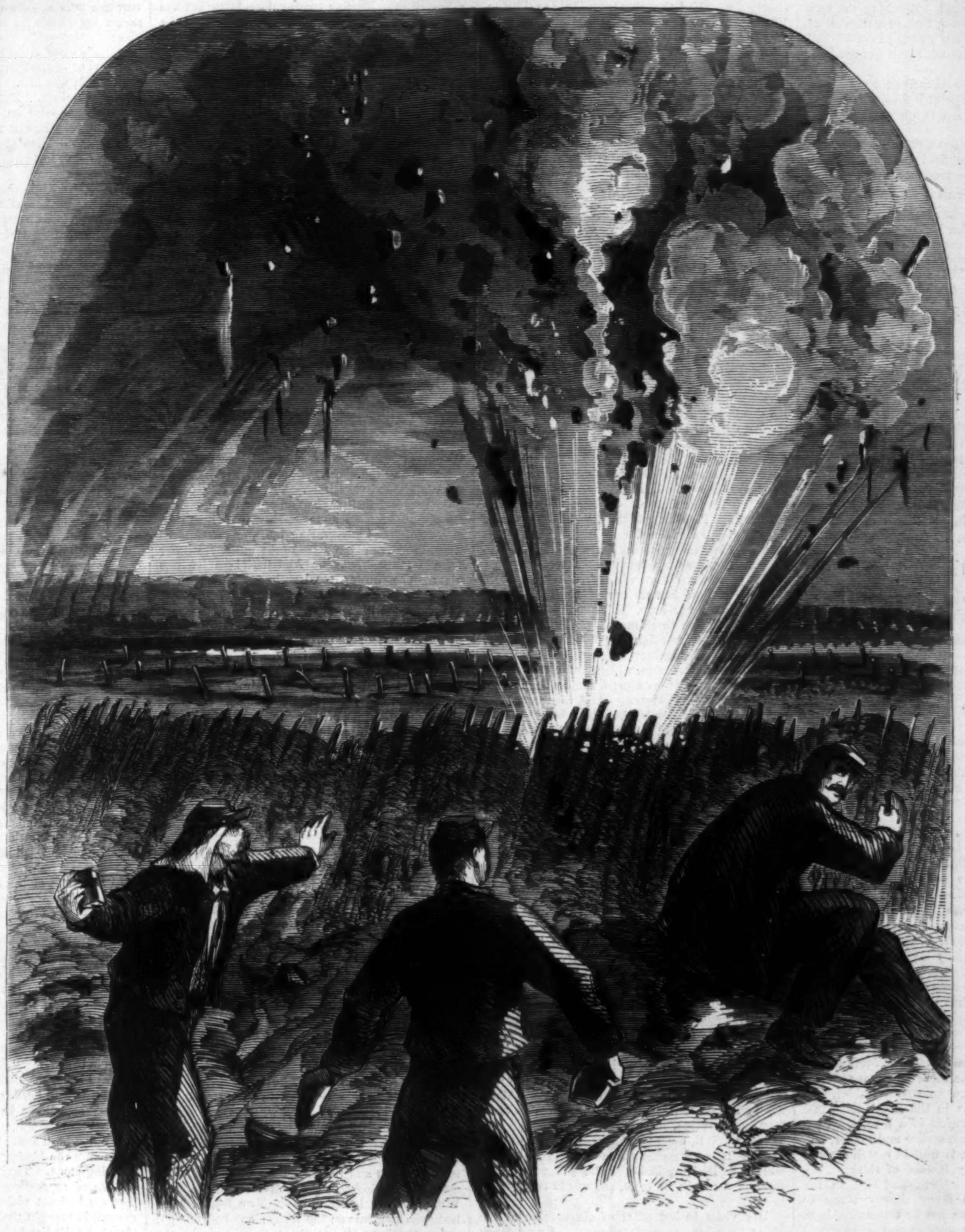
"THE HEAD OF THE SAP AGAINST WAGNER.

"Words seem to fail me as I pen the account of this scene. The General had said, 'The head of the sap must be in the ditch of Wagner ere morning, that our men may enter and carry the fort from it.' The desperate labor of long weeks was nearly ended. Foot by foot our flag, advanced by its sturdy bearer, neared the rebel strong-hold. A brilliant glare from the calcium light, flooding Wagner, gave us the advantage of seeing without being seen. Just as the 'sap roller,' a huge 'gabion' (or basket) filled with 'fascines' (bundles of fagots), had reached the ditch, a deserter came to us telling of the rebel flight.

"A word may here be said of the splendid work performed in these saps by engineer officers. Lieut. M'Guire, after finishing the labor assigned to him upon the Left Batteries, was put upon the work of the sap, and the exceeding ability and gallantry displayed by him will not soon be forgotten by those who took part in the capture of Morris Island. He is now intrusted with the important work of rendering Battery Gregg all that a sand-work can be, and a sore place for the Charlestonians to look upon, as they are soon to discover. Captains Siess and Walker, too, are in every way worthy of the public's commendation.

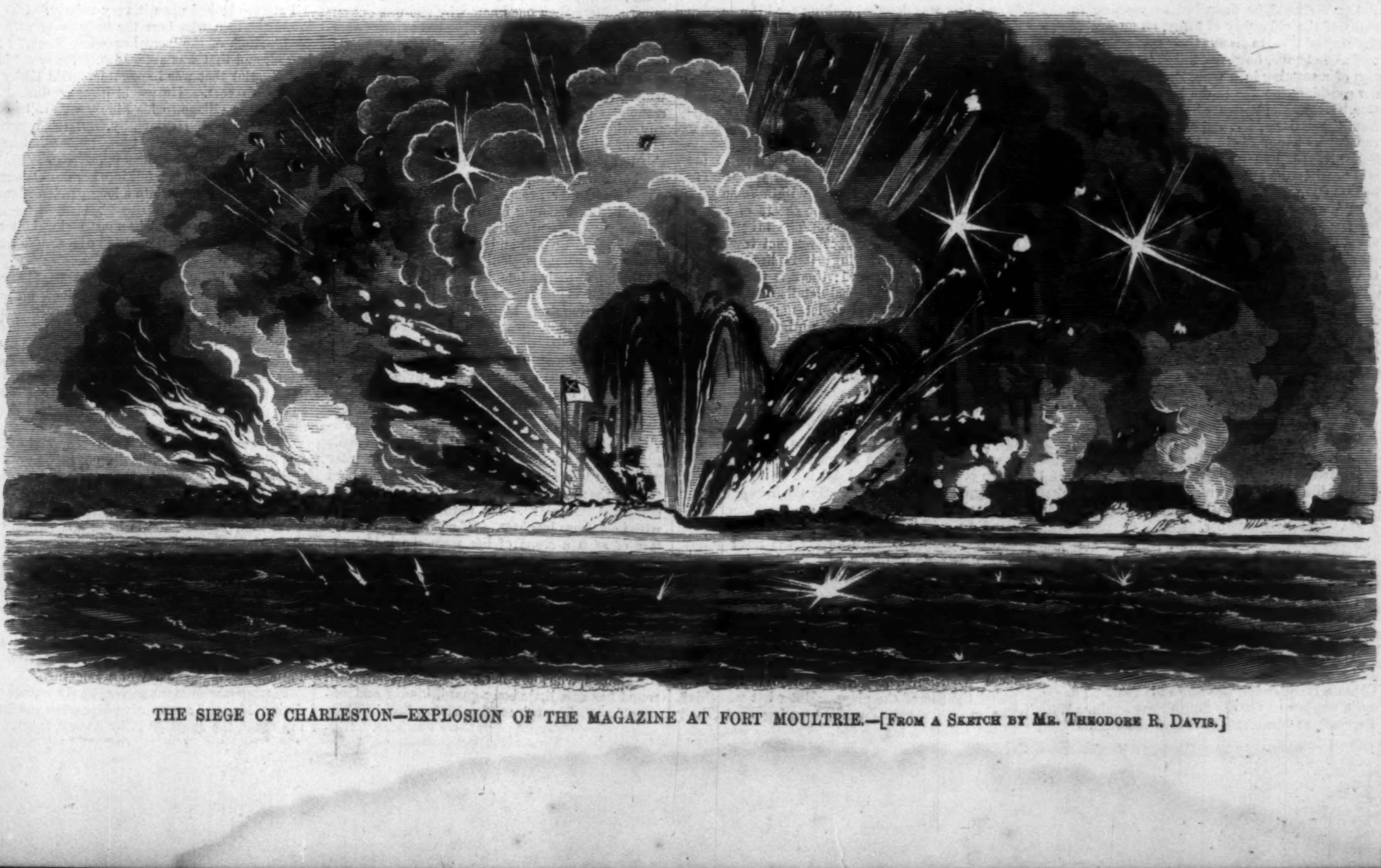
"REBEL TORPEDOES.

"In traveling through the saps one often enjoys a quiet laugh at the manner in which the soldiers are amusing themselves. A few days since, having nearly reached Battery Wagner, I heard in a sap near some of the boys calling, 'That's going to hit it; look out, boys!' and the next moment an explosion that shook



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SOLDIERS EXPLODING TORPEDOES BY THROWING PIECES OF SHELL ON THEM FROM THE SAPS.

[From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—EXPLOSION OF THE MAGAZINE AT FORT MOULTRIE.—[From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]

the ground for yards around. Reaching the spot from whence came the noise, I found a number of the 'braves' tossing into the air big pieces of shell—to drop, if possible, upon the rebels—of the half-buried torpedoes.

"Now and then one would strike the mark, and the roars of laughter that greeted the explosion told of the manner in which it was appreciated by the boys."

On page 628 we reproduce a sketch, by Surgeon Robinson, of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, representing a

PIECE OF THE CHAIN

used by the rebels to obstruct the entrance to Charleston Harbor. A few links got broken somehow, the other day, and came ashore on one of the islands, where it was found by our men. It consists of bars of railroad iron, connected by shorter links about eighteen inches in length. Around each bar of iron are fastened heavy pine logs, squared, and bound together with heavy straps of iron. This chain the navy has yet to overcome.

A WHISPER.

There was never a day so sad and long
But it wore at length to even-song;
There was never a life so full of grief
But death came at last to its relief.

There was never a soul so wholly sad
But it found some moment to be glad;
There was never a heart so full of care
But it had one hope to cheat despair.

There was never a winter dark and drear
But changed to spring in the early year;
There was never a summer, welladay!
But it sloped through autumn to decay.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

Ever so many years ago, when the few people who wrote letters were still hardly used to dating their compositions with "18—" instead of "17—," there lived, at the flourishing sea-port town of Filby, in Yorkshire, one Jonathan Gale. Mr. Gale was employed in one of the seven dock-yards that Filby then maintained, or that then maintained Filby, and was eminently well-to-do and respectable. At the time of this narrative Mr. Gale must be supposed to have prospered in this life for some forty years, and to have been married somewhere about half that time. Such a hypothesis is necessary in order that there may be no difficulties in the way of introducing Miss Patience Gale, Jonathan's daughter, as a bright, lovable, English girl of seventeen.

Of the many ships "of Filby" one good brig was the property of Master Henry Harborough, a kindly and prudent seaman. The skipper of the *Camilla* brig could not have been more than ten years younger than Mr. Jonathan Gale; but for all that he had won the heart, and a promise of the hand, of Patience. Patience was one of those natures who love to cling to something stoutly set. The quiet earnestness and unobtrusive self-reliance of her friend outweighed the more boisterous attractions of a score of younger wooers. Besides, certain whaling adventures in the South Seas had made Harborough somewhat of a hero. A hero with a frank fearless face, strong and tender, and withal steady and sober, is no bad match for any girl, though he be forty instead of thirty. We have high authority for believing that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. It can not be unreasonable to hold that the same phenomenon may be observed in a young woman.

Let none, therefore, deem it an exaggerated impossibility that the afore-mentioned Henry and Patience should be described as meeting in the ruins of the old abbey of Filby, on an evening in the May of 18—, to discuss their matrimonial prospects. Let none, however, imagine, from the mention of a meeting in a ruin, that the alliance under consideration was in the least degree clandestine. Henry and Patience had walked boldly forth from the parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Gale, with the full consent and approbation of that worthy couple. So far from Jonathan's being a too stern parent, he was possibly too lax. Nevertheless in one matter he was stern, or firm, or obstinate. Patience Gale should never be Patience Harborough, with his willing blessing, until Henry, the bridegroom, should be able to show fifteen hundred guineas side by side with the dowry he intended for his daughter.

These fifteen hundred guineas formed one subject of the lovers' talk in the ruined abbey. As yet their existence was only a possibility. Henry did not despair of acquiring them; but he was of opinion that their acquisition would be easier if he were cheered in his work by the smiles of a wife. Patience by no means disagreed with him. But her father was immovable. Harborough must make more than one other voyage *en garçon;* and this was the eve of his departure. The moon, and the ruin, and the far sea make up a fine set scene for a parting lovers' dialogue. The reader may fill it up at his or her pleasure, only remembering that Henry and Patience really and honestly cared a great deal for one another.

"Patience," said her lover, pointing over the rippling sea, marked with a long tapering stripe of moonshine, "it looks very bright and kind. It will bring me back to you."

At last it was time to part. The suitor led the lady to her father's door.

"Good-by, Henry."

"God bless you, my girl."

A close quick embrace and a smothered sob, and Captain Harborough was off to his boat. The *Camilla* was bound for the South Seas again. With Patience at home the days and the nights went slowly by. Her thoughts were in the Pacific. When the wind howled over Filby, she trembled for the *Camilla.* When the sun shone down on a calm sea, she remembered that there were storms elsewhere. Still she did her duties without complaint. And she was not without consolation. Her father fell ill, and grew peevish and fretful. But an old uncle of Harborough's died, and left the captain two thousand pounds. At first old Gale declared that this should make no difference in the sum to be earned; but he was induced at last to say that, as far as he was concerned, the wedding might take place on the day after Harborough's return.

So Patience worked and waited. She was gentle to her cross-grained father. She was the kindly friend of scores of the poor. She prayed at church. And she sat a great many more hours than was necessary with a black profile portrait of her absent friend, which hardly did him justice. Icebergs, French cruisers, whales, South-Sea Islanders, filled her heart with a thousand terrors. So nine months went by. Then came a letter. Harborough had prospered, and was unscathed. So far from the French having been a cause of loss to him, they had been a gain. He had encountered a privateer, and encountered her successfully. He should sail homeward within three months of the date of his letter. "And being sure of your true love, I hope and pray you will be safe when I come to you. The very day after we are home again, Patience, I shall claim you as my wife. Good-by, dearest. Mark Elling, of the City of York, carries this for me. So no more from yours till death. H. Harborough." These precious lines of great round-hand writing shared the attentions of Miss Gale with the black profile and several other letters from the same writer.

The paper grew worn with perpetual fingering. But Patience had now an occupation immediately connected with her hero. If she was going to be married to him in three months she must be properly supplied with raiment and household linen. So mother and daughter toiled diligently at the fashioning of garments which, were they worn nowadays, would at once mark the owners as candidates for Colney Hatch. And when Patience was busy neither with her outfit nor with her poor pensioners, she would wander forth with the escort of her diminutive maid, and indulge in fond retrospect and anticipation under the suggestive shadow of the abbey ruin. The light that streamed through the narrow openings of the long lancet windows seemed to figure to her the hope that lit her own dull life. And as she gazed over the far sea she thought again and again of her lover's words uttered on that very spot: "It will bring me back to you."

She had perfect faith that these words would be fulfilled.

At last the time arrived when the *Camilla* might be daily expected home. Every thing was ready for the wedding. Patience was of opinion that it would be unnecessary for her Henry to go to sea again. His little property would go far to maintain them; and he could no doubt obtain occupation in the dock-yards. There was a very charming little house just vacated that she was confident would exactly suit such a couple as that of which she hoped soon to constitute the better half. Of course Captain Harry would agree with her. On that point she never felt any doubt. Of course the statement of that person that he should claim his "wife" on the day of his arrival was an amatory exaggeration. Sundry forms, as well ecclesiastical as civil, must be complied with. But the day was to be postponed for as short a time as possible. So Patience had every hope that before the lapse of a month, at most, she would be a happy bride.

Her visits to her point of observation at the abbey now became more frequent. Every speck that broke the line of the horizon was watched with the intensest interest. At last the long watch was rewarded. On a sunny afternoon in June a brig was descried making for Filby, which knowing ones declared to be the *Camilla.* Patience watched it—I beg pardon—watched her growing and growing, her white sails scarcely bowed by the gentle summer breeze. Patience did not wish to exhibit before the loungers of the hill-top the excitement which she could not repress. From the roof of her father's house she could see the advancing brig. Thither she repaired in company with an old telescope of her father's, and glued her eyes on the sea. The *Camilla* sailed on till she was within some mile and a half of the shore. The sheets of canvas suddenly rose in thick folds. The brig hove-to under—but perhaps Patience was not learned in the terminology of rigging; it is her emotions which are being described; there is therefore no obligation that the technical details of the heave-to should be given. But let none think this omission is the result of the author's ignorance. Of course not. Well, the *Camilla* hove-to. There was great signaling between the brig and the shore. Dates were given. The state of the tide was told. It may be presumed that Harborough should have known that on such a day he could not enter Filby harbor at such an hour. But it may also be presumed that he was anxious to hear news of folks at home as soon as possible. The peace of Patience's mind did not depend only on the signal of "All Well." By the help of the big telescope she could distinctly see her Henry commanding on his deck. His tall stalwart figure was easily distinguished among the rest; and if only Miss Gale had been as severely educated as are many of the young ladies of the present day, she might have quoted:

Εξοχος Ἀργείων κεφαλὴν τε καὶ εὐρέας ὤμους.

Not that it would have added to her happiness. That was now supreme. There was Henry, safe and sound. The good girl thanked God for this mercy vouchsafed to her, and a joyful tear impeded the use of the glass. But what was this? The canvas curtains were dropping again, and filling with the lazy wind. The tide would not allow of the *Camilla's* coming into Filby till the next morning. Patience liked her friend all the better because he would not leave his ship and his men, even for her. Still, she had half-expected to see a boat put off from the brig; she had thought that she might hold her treasure in her arms that very day. It would be more tantalizing to wait those eight or ten hours than it had been to wait long months. To see him, and see him sail out of her sight! For the *Camilla* was moving seaward. It was evident that she was going to stand off for the night. Smaller and smaller grew the moving figures on the deck. Then there was nothing to be seen but hull and sail. The sun set behind the hills. The *Camilla* was nothing but a darker shadow against the dark bank of eastern clouds.

Patience came down into the house.

"Mother, dear, I think I shall go to bed. I must be up very early, you know. They can be in by six o'clock; and I should like to watch them from the down."

So the happy girl shut herself up with her thoughts—that night the pleasantest possible companions. The profile portrait met with little attention. The image suggested by the telescope was far more satisfactory. The letters were turned over once again, and confided to their resting-place with a happy kiss. Of course Patience could not sleep. She lay in a dreamy reverie, her thoughts wandering backward and forward between that brig at sea and the outlines and the noises of her room and the night. The rumble of each rare vehicle seemed very loud. The cries of reveling sailors seemed shriller than on other nights. The sea surely sounded more harshly than it did an hour ago. The low grating murmur of the calm seemed to have given place to the quicker, angrier noise of taller breakers. And hark! What was that? The shutter, too loosely fastened back to the wall, banged suddenly on the window-post and shook the little panes. The wind was rising. But it was hardly likely to be much. It was so still at sunset. And perhaps it would bring in the *Camilla* all the more quickly. Patience dozed. She was unconscious for an hour and a half or two hours, and then was roused again. There was more noise now. The wind was shrieking up the street, and the roar of the sea was deep and loud. The girl sprung from her bed and looked from the window. The night was very dark. The roaring of the gale was enough to drown every sound of passers-by. But the street was deserted; more deserted than the streets of a sea-port usually are, even in the dead of night. The men of Filby were all down at the port.

Patience grew very white. A strange terror numbed her limbs. Then she went to the door of her parents' room, and, as she walked gently in, she said:

"Mother, do you hear the wind?"

"Hush! my child; don't wake your father. I hear. We must be still and wait, dear. Let us hope the best. Is it very wild outside?"

"Mother, I am going out; I shall—"

"Out, child? you can not! You must—"

"No, mother, I can not wait. Hark! Peggy can go with me to the port. I must see and hear for myself."

Mrs. Gale rose from her bed and tried her best to move her daughter's will. But a weird resolution had set the lines of that gentle face. It was very white, and very sad, but very firm. The two girls went bravely down to the port; it was dark; a thin rain hissed along with the gale. Fishermen, sailors, dockyardmen, and many less professional inhabitants, were grouped along the quays. Nor were women wanting to the crowd; but their wan and tearful faces told of something more than curiosity as the motive of their coming. What was the latest news? Two fishing-boats had gone to pieces on the rocks; one had just got across the bar; it was about three o'clock; the dawn would soon be breaking. Had any thing been heard of the *Camilla?* Nothing. The men looked on Patience with a tender and respectful interest. More than one knew why she was out on that angry night. The morning light spread over the east, and the fury of the storm abated. When the sun rose over the horizon, it seemed to struggle to burst the black bank of clouds. Wider and wider grew the clefts of blue. At five o'clock the scene was one of the fairest that is to be beheld any where—a storm dying in sunshine. Great piles of white clouds, thick, massive, and of ever-shifting shape, rolled over the heaven. Nearer the horizon the same mighty mountains of vapor rested in darker groups. The waves that had loomed so threatening in the darkness now seemed the very personification of strong, joyous life. They swelled up tall and bulky before the wind, their green summits gladly housing the sunlight. At the top of their triumphant rise they broke into a thousand columns of foam and spray, tossing their glittering drops high into the clear air. All over their surface great circling lines of floating foam marked the commotions that raged below. And ever and anon it seemed as though the coursing waves lost the order of their flying march; they jostled one another; and then the crash of force and force, and the roar with which each water-mountain strove to overtop his neighbor was glorious to hear and see. On they surged in swift succession to the shore, some soaking the crags for many yards above the beach; some trying hard to rend the plank of the jetty from its huge cramps, and force it upward. All nature seem to shake with boisterous laughter. Of what account in the face of such a scene of life were the half-dozen corpses from the fishing boats broken in the bay? Or the dull, stupefying misery of one young girl?

For where was the *Camilla?* The *Camilla* was nowhere to be seen.

Patience had watched the dawn of day and the sinking of the tempest. She stood on the port stiff and cold, and watched for four weary hours. Rough men, who knew her father and herself, stood round her as a little body-guard, kindly and seasonably offering such comfort as they could. There was danger, no doubt; but there was hope. Harborough was a skillful seaman. It was by no means impossible for him to have kept his vessel clear of the shore. The *Camilla* was perhaps quite safe. Patience looked up with listless, uninterested eyes. Something at her heart told her that the *Camilla* was lost. She did not know. There was no certainty. But she dared not hope.

The hours wore on, and Patience was induced to go home. It was now eight o'clock. Not a ship was to be seen at sea. The *Camilla* must be either safe, or lost out of the reach of the Filby seamen.

While Mrs. Gale was lovingly tending her poor child—tending her with comfort both physical and mental—three men passed the parlor window and stopped before the Gales's door.

"Mother, they are come to say he's dead."

"Nay, child, we don't know that. Don't think the worst."

The mother went out to speak to the strangers. One of them was a farmer from a village some four miles from Filby. The other two were Filby men. Patience was not far wrong. The *Camilla* had gone ashore on the rocks close to this neighboring village. The cottagers were some unwilling and all unable to be of any material service to the crew. The rocks were far spread and dangerous. The brig went to pieces before any communication could be established between her and the shore. The old yeoman's eyes showed two big tears as he narrated the scene of desolation when the morning broke.

"When a knew 't were t' *Camilla,* a coomed to t' Master Gale. A knew t' lass and skipper i'yon—" But here he fairly broke down; for out of the doorway of the inner room the white face of Patience glared with a fixed gaze of piteous intensity.

"Mother, I am going to Rilcar. Master Kirby, will you take me back with you?"

The old man shook his gray head

"Nowt can coom on't noo."

"But I must go. I must see where he was killed. Perhaps they will find—" She shuddered, and, with little opposition from her parent, set off for the scene of the wreck.

The little cart rolled roughly over the road. Patience sat very still, her eyes fixed straight before her. Her conductor knew better than to trouble her with a word of pity or encouragement. They traveled in silence.

At last the scene of the wreck was reached. The tide was high, and the surf curled over the crags almost at the foot of the steep cliffs. Many yards to seaward the brig had struck and gone to pieces. Riven timbers were still seen floating on the surface. All that remained together of the ill-fated vessel was hidden under the waters of the sea.

Little knots of the country folk and strangers from Filby were gathered here and there on the narrow ledge of rock below the down, that the sea had not yet covered. They pointed every where, and then with strange significance to a fisherman's hut hard by. There were laid the battered remnants of what had once been men. Seven bodies had as yet been washed on shore. Patience did not even ask if that of her betrothed were there. She still gazed wistfully out to sea. For, like the plaintive refrain that runs through some melody in a minor key, one sentence sounded and sounded again in her ears. "It will bring me back to you." "It will bring me back to you."

Presently all heads were turned in one direction. A dark something was seen among the coming surf. The something came nearer and nearer—now rolled high above the waves, now sucked back again into the hissing water; tossed at last on a shelving stone. They met at last, after so many months of separation, those two faithful lovers. The sea had not violated the pledge taken in its name. It brought the bridegroom back to his mistress. Bruised and bloody, the crisp hair dank and matted over the forehead, the frank eyes dimmed forever, that face was once more shown to her who loved it best.

Patience looked upon it very calmly. She followed the men who bore the body reverently out of the reach of the "cruel crawling foam." She looked, and that was all. If only she could have wept! But that was impossible. Old Kirby led her to his cart. He would have conducted her through the village to his kindly wife to be comforted with loving sympathy, but the sorrowful girl pointed so steadfastly toward home that he did not like to offer the smallest opposition.

Patience went home, fell into her mother's arms, and then at last burst into a long passion of tears.

The story is done. The most melancholy part of it is that, in substance, it is but a simple record of facts.

The story is done; or rather, we should say the incident of the story is done. Good orthodox novels always leave their hero and heroine on the point of setting out on their wedding tour. In this sad tale there is no such event with the details of which to weave a peroration. And perhaps the most useful part of this true story is the end come to by the principal character. It is no end invented to point a moral. It is what really happened to the real Patience.

She went home. She wept. She did not die. She did not go mad. She did not become another man's mistress before the end of six months. She never married; but she did not live a peevish and useless old maid.

As long as her parents lived she nursed them patiently and assiduously. When they were laid not far from Henry Harborough in the grave-yard attached to the old abbey, she was not left all alone. Certain cousins of her own, and certain nephews and nieces of the dead sailor, had a tender interest in "Aunt Patience."

Loving and loved by poor and rich alike; never merry, but always cheerful; Patience Gale was Patience Gale to the day of her death.

Strangers who saw a grave elderly woman wandering alone and apparently purposeless and dreaming round the ruins of Filby Abbey, fancied that the poor lady was a little wrong in her head. They who had heard her story knew far otherwise.

Patience was still thinking of the old words written on every wave of the shifting sea. It will bring him back to me. So often did she gaze and think that the great deep seemed an image of a Great Love, deep and infinite, a Love on which she trusted she was being borne up, a Love which in her firm faith she believed would one day bring back—not dead, but alive—all that she had loved and lost.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LETTER from Gilmore's gallant army contains the following:

We had just captured Morris Island, and I think that never did the feeling of hilarity that follows a quickly-successful engagement more thoroughly pervade a mass of men—soldiers shouting, singing, happy. The sturdy Jack Tars, in quest of adventure or abandoned "loot," doing and saying as only they can when thoroughly buoyant in spirit, came upon the subject of my yarn.

A bronzed blue-jacket had captured a mule, and, not without difficulty, mounted it, perching himself as near the animal's tail as there was a shadow of a chance—the mule objecting in every known way of a mule, and in some ways until then unexhibited.

"Jack, sit more amidships," said Hardy, the first engineer of the *Weehawken*, "and you'll ride easier."

"Captain," quoth old Salty, "this is the first craft that I was ever in command of, and it is a pity if I can't stay on the *quarter-deck*."

* * *

A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely afterward. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said the husband, with a sigh, "but it's very long since."

* * *

Laugh at no man for his pug nose; you can never tell what will turn up.

* * *

We wonder if any body ever picked up a tear that was dropped.

* * *

O'Brien said to Horne Tooke, on the hustings, "So I understand you have all the blackguards in London with you." "I am happy to have it, Sir, on such good authority."

* * *

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young man to a brisk brunette. Just give me your hand." "La, Mr. White, how sudden you are!"

* * *

EPITAPH ON A MR. MORE.

Here lies one *More*, and no more than he;
One More, and no more, how can that be?
Why, one *More* and no more may well lie here alone;
But here lies one More, and that's more than one.

WHAT DAVID MIGHT HAVE DONE IN SCOTLAND.—A Scotch minister, very homely in his address, chose for his text a passage from the Psalms—"I said in my haste, All men are liars." "Ay," premised his reverence by way of introduction, "ye said it in your haste, Dawvid, did ye? Gin ye had been here ye might have said it at your leisure, mon."

* * *

What is every body doing at the same time?—Growing older.

* * *

A gentleman replied to a female Irish vagrant who accosted him that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where your Honor lived," quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldn't interfere with your arrangements."

* * *

A country youth, who had returned home from London, was asked by his anxious father if he had been guarded in his conduct while there. "Oh yes," was the reply, "I was guarded by two policemen part of the time."

* * *

A wag says that in journeying lately he was put into an omnibus with a dozen persons of whom he did not know a single one. Turning a corner shortly after, however, the omnibus was upset; "and then," said he, "I found them all out."

* * *

A Quaker, upon being asked why he did not venture to go to an election, at which the proceedings were very riotously conducted, and give his vote, replied: "Friend, I do not see why I should endanger my own poll to benefit another man's."

"Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott this morning, madam?" said a newspaper boy to good Aunt Betsy. "No, my lad," she replied, "they may live to the end of their days for all of me—I've nothing agin 'em."

* * *

A windy orator once got up and said—"Sir, after much reflection, consideration, and examination, I have calmly, and deliberately, and carefully come to the determined conclusion, that in those cities where the population is very large, there are a greater number of men, women, and children than in cities where the population is less."

* * *

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized him by the nose in the street. "Oh, nothing; only I am going out to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that *turned up*."

* * *

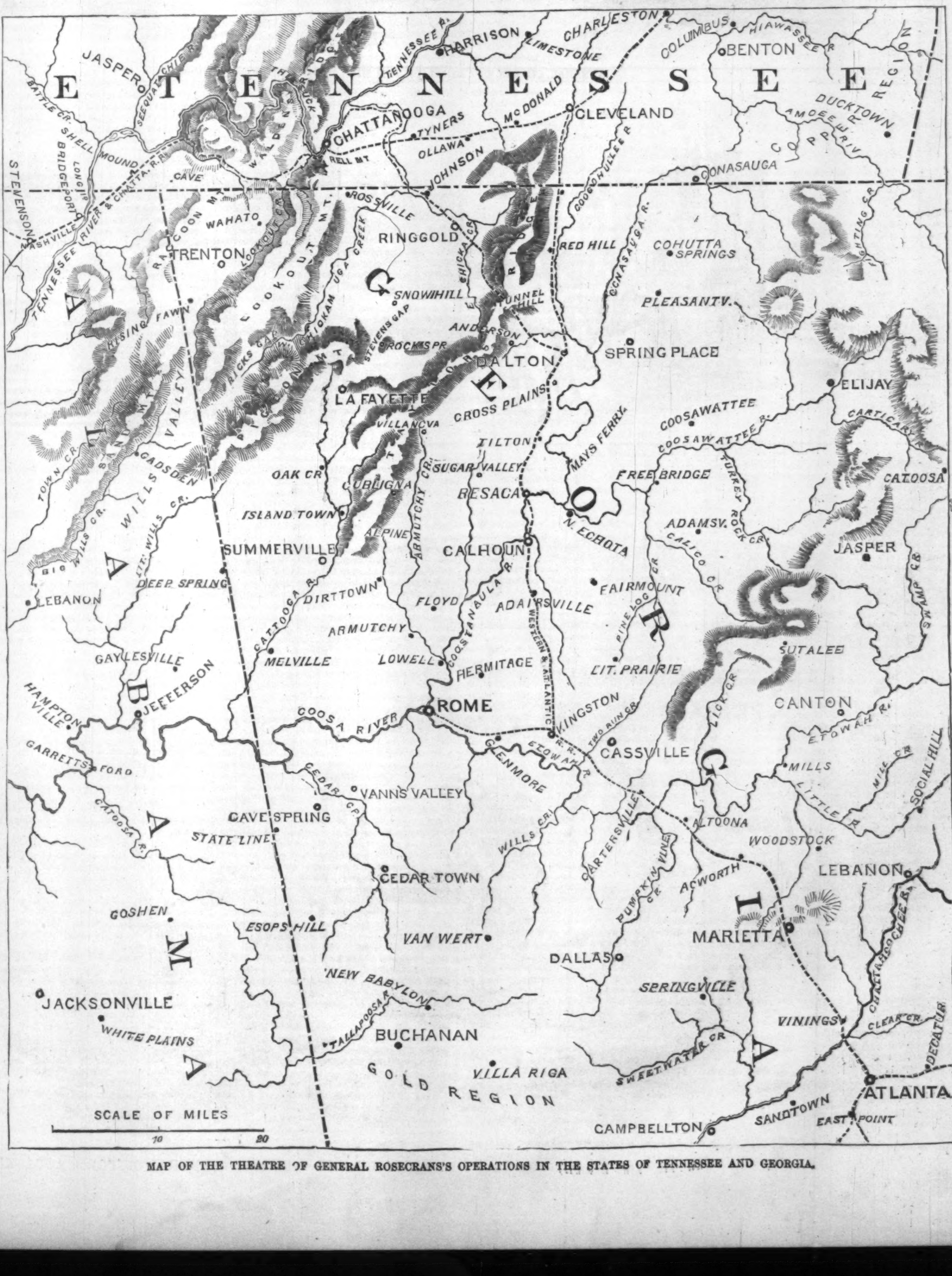
A lady who prided herself upon her extreme sensibility, said one day to her butcher, "How can you follow such a cruel profession? Ah! how can you kill the poor little innocent lambs?" "Madam!" cried the astonished butcher, "would you prefer cooking them alive?"

* * *

I remember (says a philanthropist) the case of an old woman at the back of Bishopsgate Street, who lived in a house just opposite a gully-hole; and when I questioned her as to the smell, she replied: "No, Sir, there isn't no smell; there has been a deal of sickness about, and I have lost my son; but I am manured to it, and don't mind it."

* * *

What part of speech is kissing?—It is a conjunction.


TENNESSEE
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JASPER
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HARRISON
CHARLESTON
COLUMBUS
BENTON
CLEVELAND
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COPPER REGION
TYNERS
OLLAWA
McDONALD
LIMESTONE
BRIDGEPORT
STEVENSON
SHELL MOUND
BELL MT
ROSSVILLE
RINGGOLD
TRENTON
WAHATO
LOOKOUT MT
RACCOON MT
RED HILL
COHUTTA SPRINGS
PLEASANT V.
SNOWHILL
TUNNEL HILL
SPRING PLACE
DALTON
ANDERSON
LA FAYETTE
CROSS PLAINS
ELIJAY
COOSAWATTEE
TILTON
SUGAR VALLEY
RESACA
FREE BRIDGE
CATOOSA
GADSDEN
OAK CR
ISLAND TOWN
SUMMERVILLE
CALHOUN
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ADAMSV.
JASPER
DEEP SPRING
LEBANON
DIRTTOWN
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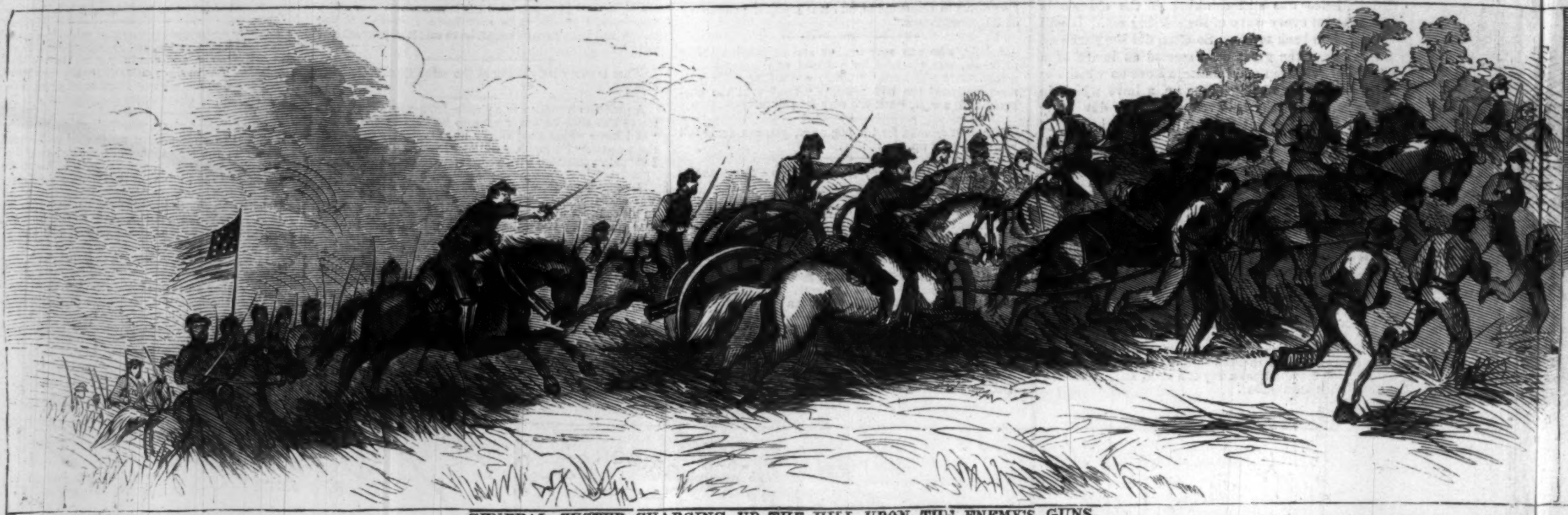
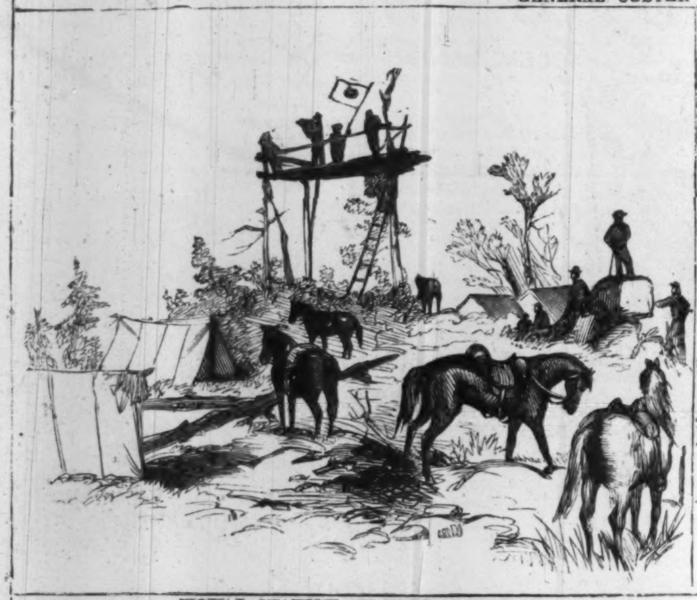
ADAIRSVILLE
FAIRMOUNT
ARMUTCHY
GAYLESVILLE
MELVILLE
LOWELL
HERMITAGE
LIT. PRAIRIE
SUTALEE
JEFFERSON
HAMPTON VILLE
ROME
COOSA RIVER
KINGSTON
CASSVILLE
CANTON
GARRETTS FORD
GLENMORE
VANNS VALLEY
CAVE SPRING
STATE LINE
ALTOONA
WOODSTOCK
LEBANON
CEDAR TOWN
ACWORTH
GOSHEN
ESOPS HILL
VAN WERT
MARIETTA
DALLAS
NEW BABYLON
SPRINGVILLE
JACKSONVILLE
WHITE PLAINS
BUCHANAN
VININGS
VILLA RIGA
GOLD REGION
ATLANTA
SANDTOWN
CAMPBELLTON
EAST POINT
DECATUR
SCALE OF MILES
10
20

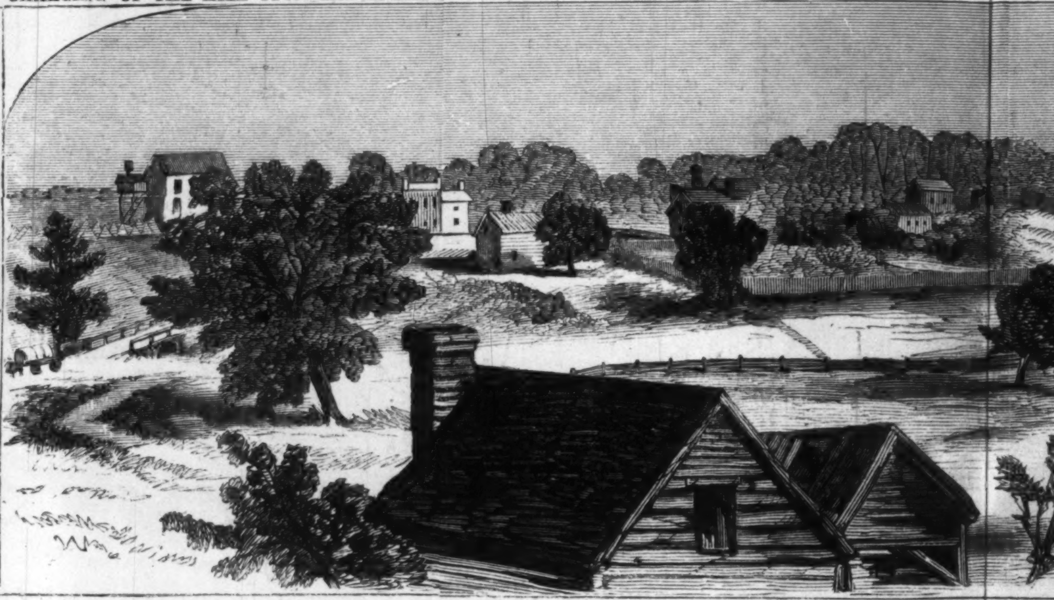
MAP OF THE THEATRE OF GENERAL ROSECRANS'S OPERATIONS IN THE STATES OF TENNESSEE AND GEORGIA.



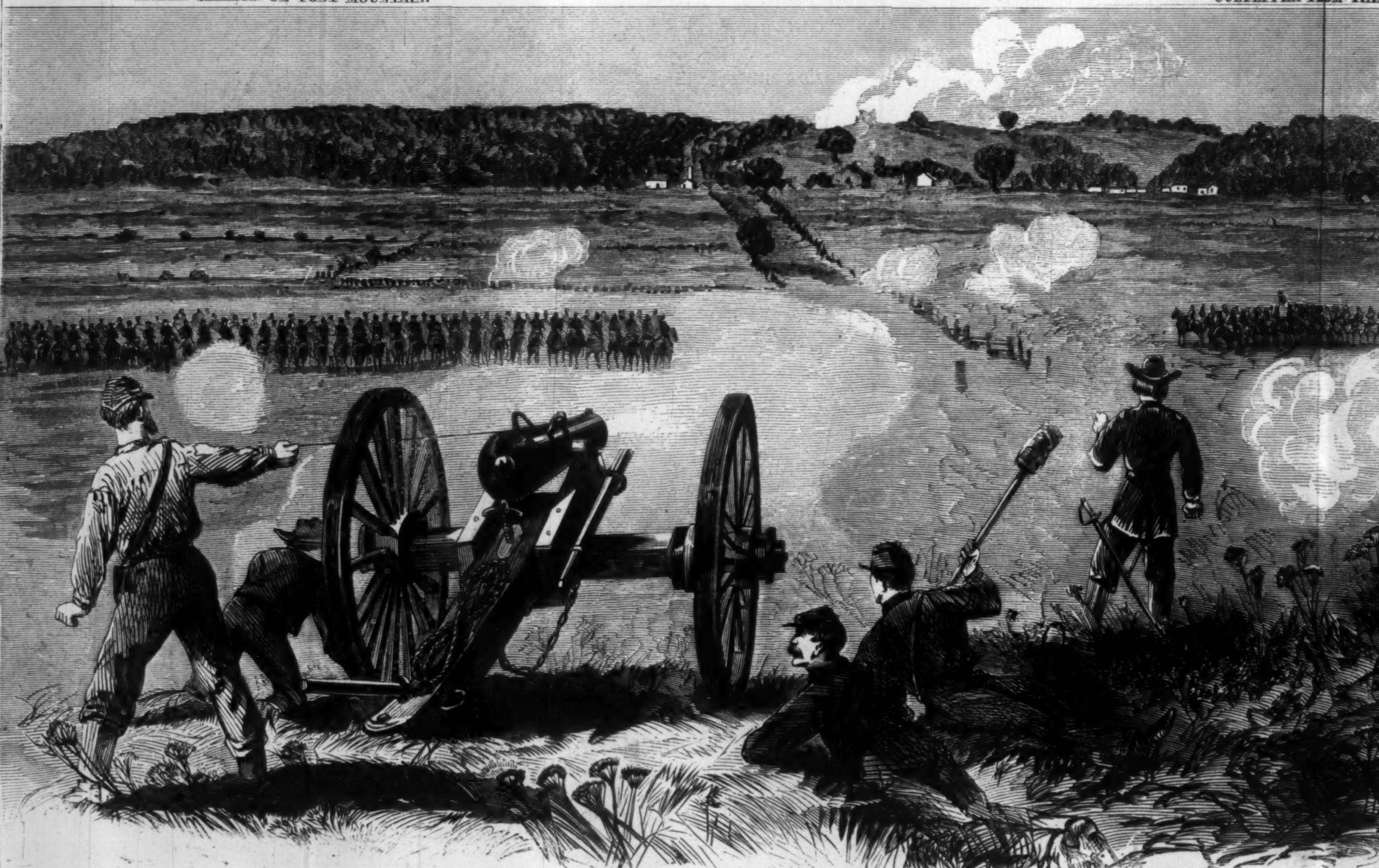
GENERAL CUSTER CHARGING UP THE HILL UPON THE ENEMY'S GUNS.



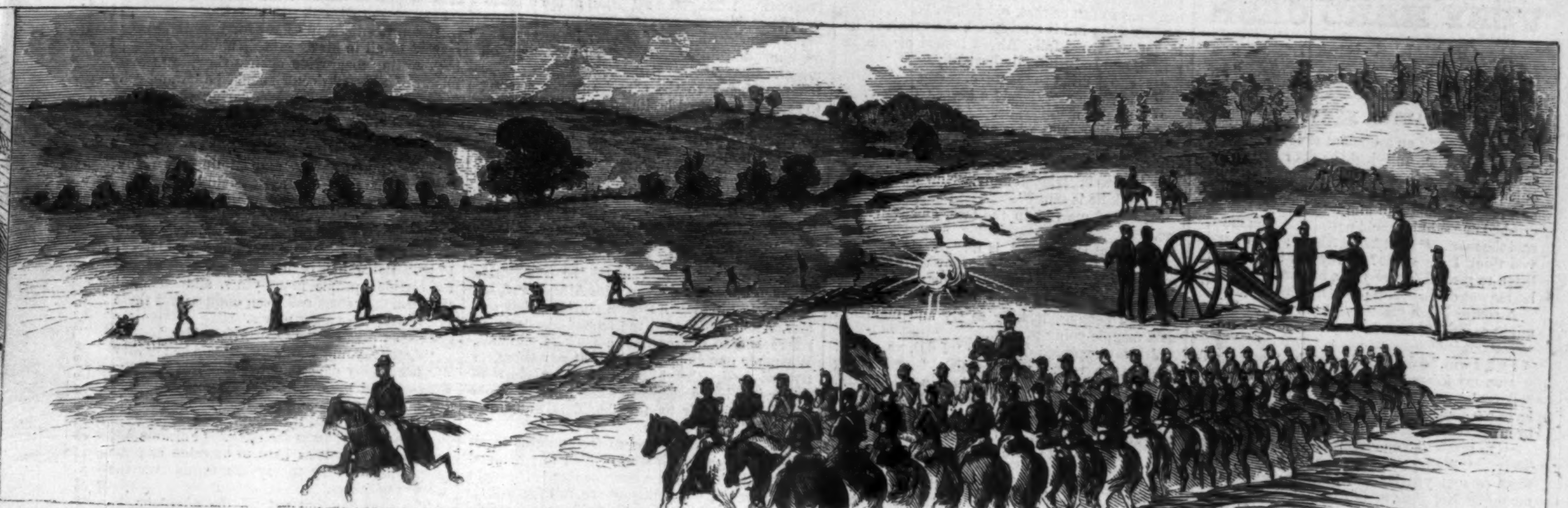
SIGNAL STATION ON PONY MOUNTAIN.



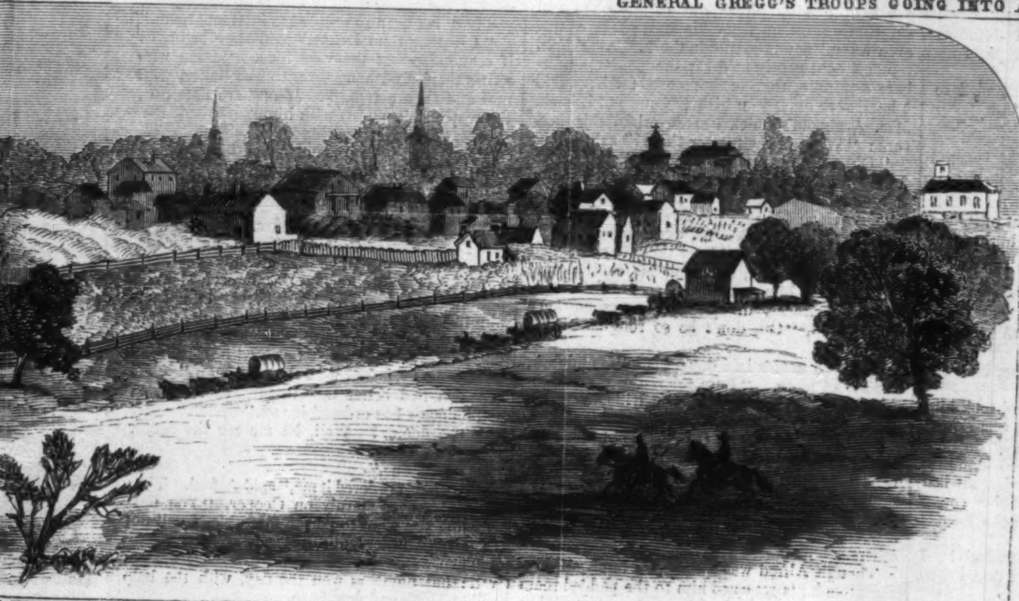
CULPEPPER FROM THE



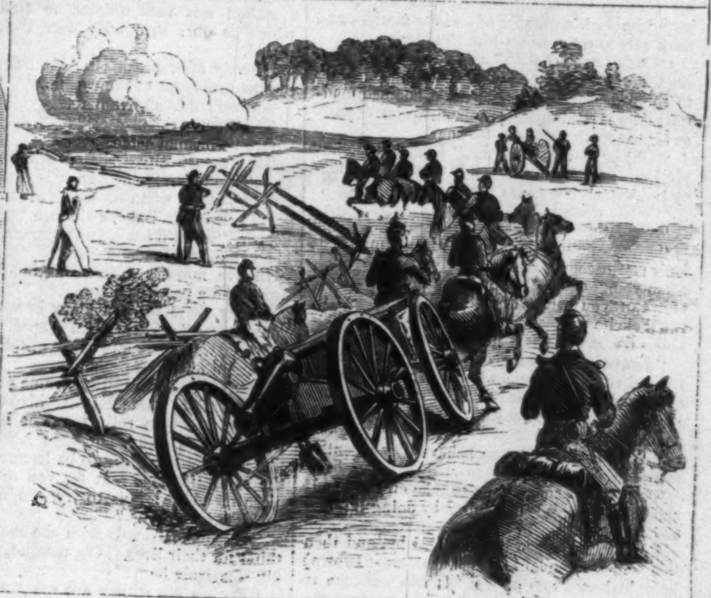
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL BUFORD ATTACKING THE ENEMY AT



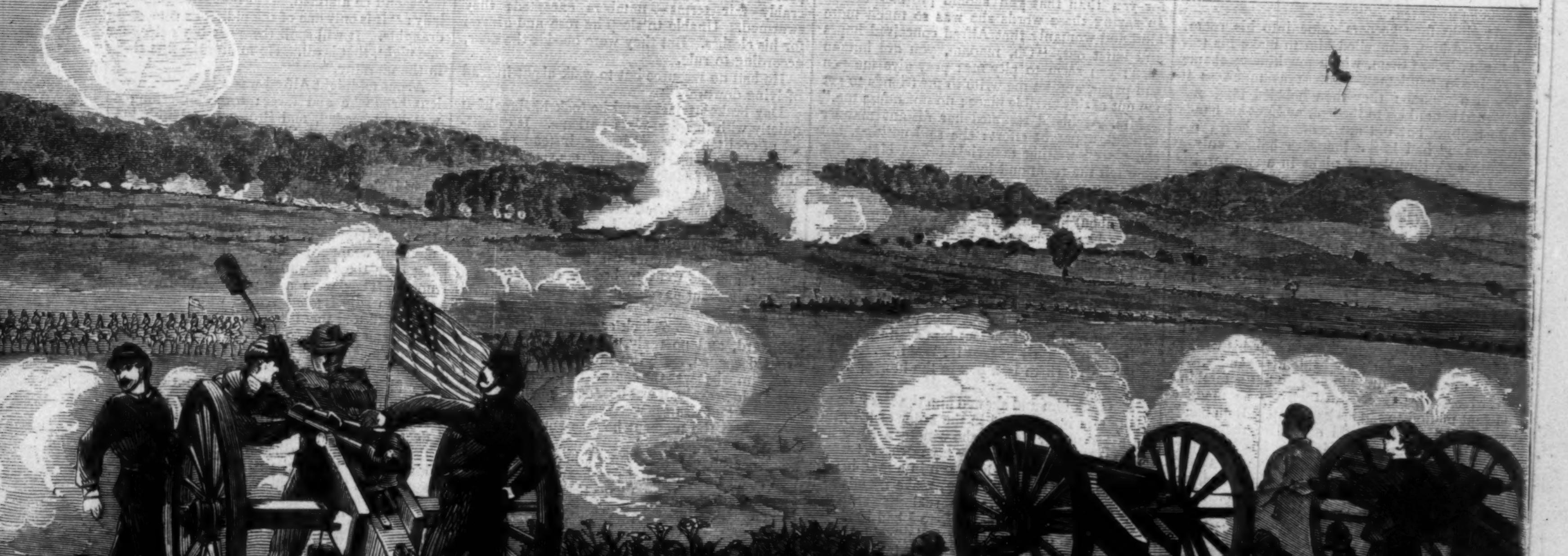
GENERAL GREGG'S TROOPS GOING INTO ACTION



THE NORTHWEST.



BUTLER'S BATTERY GOING INTO POSITION.



RACCOON FORD, SEPTEMBER 14, 1863.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 635.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At two o'clock an attendant stole on tip-toe to the strong room, unlocked the door and peeped cautiously in. Seeing the dangerous maniac quiet, he entered with a plate of lukewarm beef and potatoes, and told him bluntly to eat. The crushed one said he could not eat. "You must," said the man. "Eat!" said Alfred; "of what do you think I am made? Pray put it down and listen to me. I'll give you a hundred pounds to let me out of this place; two hundred; three."

A coarse laugh greeted this proposal. "You might as well have made it a thousand when you was about it."

"So I will," said Alfred, eagerly, "and thank you on my knees besides. Ah, I see you don't believe I have money. I give you my honor I have ten thousand pounds: it was settled on me by my grandfather, and I came of age last week."

"Oh that's like enough," said the man, carelessly. "Well you *are* green. Do you think them as sent you here will let you spend your money? No, your money is theirs now."

And he sat down with the plate on his knee and began to cut the meat in small pieces; while his careless words entered Alfred's heart, and gave him such a glimpse of sinister motives and dark acts to come as set him shuddering.

"Come, none o' that," said the man, suspecting [illegible]: he thought it was the prologue to some desperate act—for all a chained madman does is read upon this plan; his terror passes for rage, his very sobs for snarls.

"Oh, be honest with me," said Alfred, imploringly: "do you think it is to steal my money the wretch has stolen my liberty?"

"What wretch?"

"My father."

"I know nothing about it," said the man, sullenly: "in course there's mostly money behind, when young gents like you come to be took care of. But you mustn't go thinking of that, or you'll excite yourself again; come, you eat your vittles like a Christian, and no more about it."

"Leave it, that is a good fellow; and then I'll try and eat a little by-and-by. But my grief is great—oh Julia! Julia!—what shall I do? And I am not used to eat at this time. Will you, my good fellow?"

"Well I will, now you behave like a gentleman," said the man.

Then Alfred coaxed him to take off the handcuffs. He refused, but ended by doing it; and so left him.

Four more leaden hours rolled by, and then this same attendant (his name was Brown) brought him a cup of tea. It was welcome to his parched throat; he drank it, and ate a mouthful of the meat to please the man, and even asked for some more tea.

At eight four keepers came into his room, undressed him, compelled him to make his toilet, etc., before them, which put him to shame—being a gentleman—almost as much as it would a woman: they then hobbled him, and fastened his ankles to the bed, and put his hands into muffles, but did not confine his body; because they had lost a lucrative lodger only a month ago, throttled at night in a strait-waistcoat.

Alfred lay in this plight and compared with anguish unspeakable his joyful anticipations of this night with the strange and cruel reality. "My wedding-night! my wedding-night!" he cried aloud, and burst into a passion of grief.

By-and-by he consoled himself a little with the hope that he could not long be incarcerated as a madman, being sane; and his good wit told him his only chance was calmness. He would go to sleep and recover composure to bear his wrongs with dignity, and quietly baffle his enemies.

Just as he was dropping off he felt something crawl over his face. Instinctively he made a violent motion to put his hands up. Both hands were confined, he could not move them. He bounded, he flung, he writhed. His little persecutors were quiet a moment, but the next they began again: in vain he rolled and writhed, and shuddered with loathing inexpressible. They crawled, they smelt, they bit.

Many a poor soul these little wretches had distracted with the very sleeplessness the mad-house professed to cure, not create. In conjunction with the opiates, the confinement, and the gloom of Silverton House, they had driven many a feeble mind across the line that divides the weak and nervous from the unsound.

When he found there was no help, Alfred clenched his teeth and bore it:—"Bite on, ye little wretches," he said: "bite on, and divert my mind from deeper stings than yours—if you can."

And they did; a little.

Thus passed the night in mental agony, and bodily irritation and disgust. At daybreak the feasters on his flesh retired, and utterly worn-out and exhausted he sank into a deep sleep.

At half past seven the head keeper and three more came in, and made him dress before them. They handcuffed him, and took him down to breakfast in the noisy ward; set him down on a little bench by the wall like a naughty boy, and ordered a dangerous maniac to feed him.

The dangerous maniac obeyed, and went and sat beside Alfred with a basin of thick gruel and a great wooden spoon. He shoveled the gruel down his charge's throat mighty superciliously from the very first; and presently, falling into some favorite and absorbing train of thought, he fixed his eye on vacancy and handed the spoonfuls over his left shoulder with such rapidity and recklessness that it was more like sowing than feeding. Alfred cried out, "Quarter! I can't eat so fast as that, old fellow."

Something in his tone struck the maniac; he looked at Alfred full; Alfred looked at him in return, and smiled kindly but sadly.

"Hallo!" cried the maniac.

"What's up now?" said a keeper, fiercely.

"Why this man is sane. As sane as I am."

At this there was a hoarse laugh.

"Saner," persisted the maniac; "for I am a little queer at times you know."

"And no mistake, Jemmy. Now what makes you think he is sane?"

"Looked me full in the face, and smiled at me."

"Oh that is your test, is it?"

"Yes it is. You try it on any of those mad beggars there and see if they can stand it."

"Who invented gunpowder?" said one of the insulted persons, looking as sly and malicious as a magpie going to steal.

Jemmy exploded directly: "I did, ye rascal, ye liar, ye rogue, ye Baconian!" and going higher, and higher, and higher in this strain, was very soon handcuffed with Alfred's handcuffs, and seated on Alfred's bench and tied to two rings in the wall. On this his martial ardor went down to zero: "Here is treatment, Sir," said he, piteously, to Alfred. "I see you are a gentleman; now look at this. All spite and jealousy; because I invented that invaluable substance, which has done so much to prolong human life and alleviate human misery."

Alfred was now ordered to feed Jemmy; which he did: so quickly were their parts inverted.

Directly after breakfast Alfred demanded to see the proprietor of the asylum.

Answer: doesn't live here.

The Doctor then.

Oh, he has not come.

This monstrosity irritated Alfred. "Well, then," said he, "whoever it is that rules this den of thieves, when those two are out of it."

"I rule in Mr. Baker's absence," said the head keeper, "and I'll teach you manners, you young blackguard. Handcuff him."

In five minutes Alfred was handcuffed and flung into a padded room.

"Stay there till you know how to speak to your *betters*," said the head keeper.

Alfred walked up and down, grinding his teeth with rage for five long hours.

Just before dinner Brown came and took him into a parlor, where Mrs. Archbold was seated writing. Brown retired. The lady finished what she was doing, and kept Alfred standing like a school-boy going to be lectured. At last she said, "I have sent for you to give you a piece of advice: it is to try and make friends with the attendants."

"Me make friends with the scoundrels! I thirst for their lives. Oh, madam, I fear I shall kill somebody here!"

"Foolish boy; they are too strong for you. Your worst enemies could wish nothing worse for you than that you should provoke *them*." In saying these words she was so much more kind and womanly that Alfred conceived hopes and burst out, "Oh, madam, you are human then: you seem to pity me: pray give me pen and paper, and let me write to my friends to get me out of this terrible place; do not refuse me."

Mrs. Archbold resumed her distant manner without apparent effort: she said nothing, but she placed writing materials before him. She then left the room and locked him in.

He wrote a few hasty ardent words to Julia, telling her how he had been entrapped, but not a word about his sufferings—he was too generous to give her needless pain—and a line to Edward imploring him to come at once with a lawyer and an honest physician, and liberate him.

Mrs. Archbold returned soon after, and he asked her if she would lend him sealing-wax: "I dare not trust to an envelope in such a place as this," said he. She lent him sealing-wax.

"But how am I to post it?" said he.

"Easily: there is a box in the house; I will show you."

She took him and showed him the box: he put his letters into it, and in the ardor of his gratitude kissed her hand: she winced a little and said, "Mind, this is not by my advice; I would never tell my friends I had been in a mad-house; oh, never. I would be calm, make friends with the servants—they are the real masters—and never let a creature know where I had been."

"Oh, you don't know my Julia," said Alfred; "she will never desert me, never think the worse of me because I have been entrapped illegally into a mad-house."

"Illegally, Mr. Hardie! you deceive yourself; Mr. Baker told me the order was signed by a relation, and the certificates by first-rate lunacy doctors."

"What on earth has that to do with it, madam, when I am as sane as you are?"

"It has every thing to do with it. Mr. Baker could be punished for confining a madman in this house without an order and two certificates; but he couldn't for confining a sane person under an order and two certificates."

Alfred could not believe this, but she convinced him that it was so.

Then he began to fear he should be imprisoned for years: he turned pale, and looked at her so piteously, that to soothe him she told him sane people were never kept in asylums now; they only used to be.

"How can they?" said she. "The London asylums are visited four times a year by the commissioners, and the country asylums six times, twice by the commissioners, and four times by the justices. *We* shall be inspected this week or next; and then you can speak to the justices: mind and be calm; say it is a mistake; offer testimony; and ask either to be discharged at once or to have a commission of lunacy sit on you; ten to one your friends will not face public proceedings: but you *must* begin at the foundation, by making the servants friendly—and by—being calm." She then fixed her large gray eye on him and said, "Now, if I let you dine with me and the first-class patients, will you pledge me your honor to 'be calm,' and not attempt to escape?" Alfred hesitated at that. Her eye dissected his character all the time. "I promise," said he at last, with a deep sigh. "May I sit by you? There is something so repugnant in the very idea of mad people."

"Try and remember it is their misfortune, not their crime," said Mrs. Archbold, just like a matronly sister admonishing a brother from school.

She then whistled in a whisper for Brown, who was lurking about unseen all the time. He emerged and walked about with Alfred, and, by-and-by, looking down from a corridor, they saw Mrs. Archbold driving the second-class women before her to dinner like a flock of animals. Whenever one stopped to look at any thing, or try and gossip, the philanthropic Archbold went at her just like a shepherd's dog at a refractory sheep, caught her by the shoulders, and drove her squeaking headlong.

At dinner Alfred was so fortunate as to sit opposite a gentleman who nodded and grinned at him all dinner with a horrible leer. He could not, however, enjoy this to the full for a little distraction at his elbow: his right-hand neighbor kept forking pieces out of his plate and substituting others from his own; there was even a tendency to gristle in the latter. Alfred remonstrated gently at first; the gentleman forbore a minute, then recommenced; Alfred laid a hand very quietly on his wrist and put it back. Mrs. Archbold's quick eye surprised this gesture: "What is the matter there?" said she.

"Oh, nothing serious, madam," replied Alfred: "only this gentleman does me the honor to prefer the contents of my plate to his own."

"Mr. Cooper!" said the Archbold, sternly.

Cooper, the head keeper, pounced on the offender, seized him roughly by the collar, dragged him from the table, knocking his chair down, and bundled him out of the room with ignominy and fracas, in spite of a remonstrance from Alfred, "Oh, don't be so rough with the poor man."

Then the novice laid down his knife and fork, and ate no more. "I am grieved at my own ill-nature in complaining of such a trifle," said he, when all was quiet.

The company stared considerably at this remark; it seemed to them a most morbid perversion of sensibility; for the deranged, thin-skinned beyond conception in their own persons, and alive to the shadow of the shade of a wrong, are stoically indifferent to the woes of others.

Though Alfred was quiet as a lamb all day, the attendants returned him to the padded room at night, because he had been there last night; but they only fastened one ankle to the bed-post: so he encountered his Liliputians on tolerably fair terms—numbers excepted; they swarmed. Unable to sleep he rose and groped for his clothes. But they were outside the door, according to rule.

He had no resource but to walk about instead of lying down.

Day broke at last: and he took his breakfast quietly with the first-class patients. It consisted of cool tea in small basins, instead of cups, and table-spoons instead of tea-spoons; and thick slices of stale bread thinly buttered. A few patients had gruel or porridge instead of tea. After breakfast Alfred sat in the first-class patient's room and counted the minutes and the hours till Edward should come. After dinner he counted the hours till tea-time. Nobody came; and he went to bed in such grief and disappointment as some men live to eighty without ever knowing.

But when two o'clock came next day, and no Edward, and no reply, then the distress of his soul deepened. He implored Mrs. Archbold to tell him what was the cause. She shook her head and said gravely, it was but too common; a man's nearest and dearest were very apt to hold aloof from him the moment he was put into an asylum.

Here an old lady put in her word. "Ah, Sir, you must not hope to hear from any body in this place. Why, I have been two years writing and writing, and can't get a line from my own daughter. To be sure she is a fine lady now, but it was her poor neglected mother that pinched and pinched to give her a good education, and that is how she caught a good husband. But it's my belief the post in our hall isn't a real post: but only a box; and I think it is contrived so as the letters fall down a pipe into that Baker's hands, and so then when the postman comes—"

The Archbold bent her bushy brows on this chatty personage. "Be quiet, Mrs. Dent; you are talking nonsense, and exciting yourself: you know you are not to speak on that topic. Take care."

The poor old woman was shut up like a knife; for the Archbold had a way of addressing her own sex that crushed them. The change was almost comically sudden to the mellow tones in which she addressed Alfred the very next moment, on the very same subject: "Mr. Baker, I believe, sees the letters: and, where our poor patients (with a glance at Dent) write in such a way as to wound and perhaps terrify those who are in reality their best friends, it is not always sent. But I conclude *your* letters have gone. If you feel you can be calm, why not ask Mr. Baker? He is in the house now; for a wonder."

Alfred promised to be calm; and she got him an interview with Mr. Baker.

He was a full-blown pawnbroker of Silverton town, whom the legislature, with that keen knowledge of human nature which marks the British senate, permitted, and still permits, to speculate in Insanity, stipulating however that the upper servant of all in his asylum should be a doctor; but omitting to provide against the instant dismissal of the said doctor should he go and rob his employer of a lodger—by curing a patient.

As you are not the British legislature, I need not tell you that to this pawnbroker insanity mattered nothing, nor sanity: his trade lay in catching, and keeping, and stinting, as many lodgers, sane or insane, as he could hold.

There are certain formulæ in these quiet retreats, which naturally impose upon green-horns such as Alfred certainly was, and many visiting justices and lunacy commissioners would seem to be. Baker had been a lodging-house keeper for certified people many years, and knew all the formulæ: some call them dodges: but these must surely be vulgar minds.

Baker worked "the see-saw formula:"

"Letters, young gentleman?" said he: "they are not in my department. They go into the surgery, and are passed by the doctor, except those he examines and orders to be detained."

Alfred demanded the doctor.

"He is gone," was the reply. (Formula.)

Alfred found it as hard to be calm, as some people find it easy to say the words over the wrongs of others.

The next day, but not till the afternoon, he caught the doctor: "My letters! Surely, Sir, you have not been so cruel as to intercept them."

"I intercept no letters," said the doctor, as if scandalized at the very idea. "I see who writes them, and hand them to Mr. Baker, with now and then a remark. If any are detained, the responsibility rests with him."

"He says it rests with you."

"You must have misunderstood him."

"Not at all, Sir. One thing is clear; my letters have been stolen either by him or you; and I will know which."

The doctor parried with a formula.

"You are *excited*, Mr. Hardie. Be calm, Sir, be calm: or you will be here all the longer."

All Alfred obtained by this interview was a powerful opiate. The head keeper brought it him in bed. He declined to take it. The man whistled, and the room filled with keepers.

"Now," said Cooper, "down with it, or you'll have to be drenched with this cow-horn."

"You had better take it, Sir," said Brown; "the doctor has ordered it you."

"The doctor? Well, let me see the doctor about it."

"He is gone."

"He never ordered it me," said Alfred. Then fixing his eyes sternly on Cooper, "You miscreants, you want to poison me. No, I will not take it. Murder! murder!"

Then ensued a struggle, on which I draw a veil: but numbers won the day, with the help of handcuffs and cow-horn.

Brown went and told Mrs. Archbold, and what Alfred had said.

"Don't be alarmed," said that strong-minded lady: "it is only one of the old fool's composing draughts. It will spoil the poor boy's sleep for one night, that is all. Go to him the first thing in the morning."

About midnight Alfred was seized with a violent headache and fever: toward morning he was light-headed, and Brown found him loud and incoherent: only he returned often to an expression Mr. Brown had never heard before—

"Justifiable parricide. Justifiable parricide. Justifiable parricide."

Most people dislike new phrases. Brown ran to consult Mrs. Archbold about this one. After the delay inseparable from her sex she came in a morning wrapper; and they found Alfred leaning over the bed and bleeding violently at the nose. They were a good deal alarmed, and tried to stop it; but Alfred was quite sensible now, and told them it was doing him good.

"I can manage to see now," he said: "a little while ago I was blind with the poison."

They unstrapped his ankle and made him comfortable, and Mrs. Archbold sent Brown for a cup of strong coffee and a glass of brandy. He tossed them off, and soon after fell into a deep sleep that lasted till tea-time. This sleep the poor doctor ascribed to the sedative effect of his opiate. It *was* the natural exhaustion consequent on the morbid excitement caused by his cursed opiate.

"Brown," said Mrs. Archbold, "if Dr. Bailey prescribes again, let me know. He sha'n't square *this* patient with his certificates while I am here."

This was a shrewd but uncharitable speech of hers. Dr. Bailey was not such a villain as that.

He was a less depraved, and more dangerous, animal; he was a fool.

The farrago he had administered would have done an excited maniac no good of course, but no great harm. It was dangerous to a sane man: and Alfred to the naked eye was a sane man. But then Bailey had no naked eye left: he had been twenty years an M.D. The certificates of Wycherley and Spears were the green spectacles he wore—very green ones—whenever he looked at Alfred Hardie.

Perhaps in time he will forget those certificates, and, on his spectacles dropping off, he will see Alfred is sane. If he does, he will publish him as one of his most remarkable cures.

Meanwhile the whole treatment of this ill-starred young gentleman gravitated toward insanity. The inner mind was exasperated by barefaced injustice, and oppression; above all by his letters being stopped; for that convinced him both Baker and Bailey, with their see-saw evasions, knew he was sane, and dreaded a visit from honest, understanding men: and the mind's external organ, the brain, which an asylum professes to soothe, was steadily undermined by artificial sleeplessness. A man can't sleep in irons till he is used to them: and when Alfred was relieved of these, his sleep was still driven away by biting insects and barking dogs, two opiates provided in many of these placid Retreats, with a view to the permanence, rather than the comfort, of the lodgers.

On the eighth day Alfred succeeded at last in an object he had steadily pursued for some time: he caught the two see-saw humbugs together.

"Now," said he, "*you* say *he* intercepts my letters, and *he* says it is *you* who do it. Which is the truth?"

They were staggered, and he followed up his advantage: "Look me in the face, gentlemen," said he. "Can you pretend you do not know I am sane? Ah, you turn your heads away. You can only tell this barefaced lie behind my back. Do you believe in God, and in a judgment to come? Then, if you can not release me, at least don't be such scoundrels as to stop my letters, and so swindle me out of a fair trial, an open, public trial."

The doctor parried with a formula. "Publicity would be the greatest misfortune could befall you. Pray be calm."

Now, an asylum is a place not entirely exempt from prejudices: and one of them is that any sort of appeal to God Almighty is a sign or else forerunner of maniacal excitement.

These philosophers forget that by stopping letters, evading public trials, and, in a word, cutting off all appeals to human justice, they compel the patient to turn his despairing eyes, and lift his despairing voice to Him, whose eye alone can ever really penetrate these dark abodes.

Accordingly the patient who appealed to God above a whisper in Silverton Grove House used to get soothed directly. And the tranquilizing influences employed were morphia, croton oil, or a blister.

The keeper came to Alfred in his room. "Doctor has ordered a blister."

"What for? Send for him directly."

"He is gone."

This way of ordering torture and then coolly going irritated Alfred beyond endurance. Though he knew he should soon be powerless, he showed fight; made his mark as usual on a couple of his zealous attendants; but, not having room to work in, was soon overpowered, hobbled and handcuffed: then they cut off his hair, and put a large blister on the top of his head.

The obstinate brute declined to go mad. They began to respect him for this tenacity of purpose; a decent bedroom was allotted him; his portmanteau and bag were brought him, and he was let walk every day on the lawn with a keeper, only there were no ladders left about, and the trap-door was locked; i. e. the iron gate.

On one of these occasions he heard the gatekeeper whistle three times consecutively; his attendant followed suit, and hurried Alfred into the house, which soon rang with treble signals.

"What is it?" inquired Alfred.

"The visiting justices are in sight: go into your room, please."

"Yes, I'll go," said Alfred, affecting cheerful compliance, and the man ran off.

The whole house was in a furious bustle. All the hobbles, and chains, and instruments of restraint, were hastily collected and bundled out of sight, and clean sheets were being put on many a filthy bed whose occupant had never slept in sheets since he came there, when two justices arrived and were shown into the drawing-room.

During the few minutes they were detained there by Mrs. Archbold, who was mistress of her whole business, quite a new face was put on every thing and every body; ancient cobwebs fell; soap and water explored unwonted territories; the harshest attendants began practicing pleasant looks and kind words on the patients, to get into the way of it, so that it might not come too abrupt and startle the patients visibly under the visitors' eyes: something like actors working up a factitious sentiment at the wing for the public display, or like a race-horse's preliminary canter. Alfred's heart beat with joy inexpressible. He had only to keep calm, and this was his last day at Silverton Grove. The first thing he did was to make a careful toilet.

The stinginess of relations, and the greed of mad-house proprietors, makes many a patient look ten times madder than he is, by means of dress. Clothes wear out in an asylum, and are not always taken off, though Agriculture has long and justly claimed them for her own. And when it is no longer possible to refuse the Reverend Mad Tom or Mrs. Crazy Jane some new raiment, then consanguineous munificence does not go to Poole or Elise, but oftener to paternal or maternal wardrobes, and even to the ancestral chest, the old oak one, singing:

"Poor things, they are out of the world: what need for them to be in the fashion!" (Formula.)

This arrangement keeps the bump of self-esteem down, especially in women, and so cooperates with many other little arrangements to perpetuate the lodger.

Silverton Grove in particular was supplied with the grotesque in dress from an inexhaustible source; whenever money was sent Baker to buy a patient a suit, he went from his lunacy shop to his pawnbroker's, dived headlong into unredeemed pledges, dressed his patient as gentlemen are dressed to reside in cherry-trees; and pocketed five hundred per cent. on the double transaction. Now Alfred had already observed that many of the patients looked madder than they were—thanks to short trowsers and petticoats, holey gloves, ear-cutting shirt-collars, frilled bosoms, shoes made for, and declined by, the very infantry; coats short in the waist and long in the sleeves, coal-scuttle bonnets, and grandmaternal caps. So he made his toilet with care, and put his best hat on to hide his shaven crown. He then kept his door ajar, and waited for a chance of speaking to the justices. One soon came; a portly old gentleman, with a rubicund face and honest eye, walked slowly along the corridor, looking as wise as he could, cringed on by Cooper and Dr. Bailey; the latter had arrived post-haste, and Baker had been sent for. Alfred came out, touched his hat respectfully, and begged a private interview with the magistrate. The old gentleman bowed politely, for Alfred's dress, address, and countenance left no suspicion of insanity possible in an unprejudiced mind.

But the Doctor whispered in his ear, "Take care, Sir. Dangerous!"

Now this is one of the most effective of the formulæ in a private asylum. How can an inexperienced stranger know for certain that such a statement is a falsehood? and even the just do not love justice—to others—quite so well as they love their own skins. So Squire Tollett very naturally declined a private interview with Alfred; and even drew back a step, and felt uneasy at being so near him. Alfred implored him not to be imposed upon. "An honest man does not whisper," said he. "Do not let him poison your mind against me; on my honor I am as sane as you are, and he knows it. Pray, pray use your own eyes, and ears, Sir, and give yourself a chance of discovering the truth in this strong-hold of lies."

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Hardie," put in the Doctor, parentally. (Formula.)

"Don't you interrupt me, Doctor; I am as calm as you are. Calmer; for, see, you are pale at this moment; that is with fear that your wickedness in detaining a sane man here is going to be exposed. Oh, Sir," said he, turning to the justice, "fear no violence from me, not even angry words; my misery is too deep for irritation or excitement. I am an Oxford man, Sir, a prize man, an Ireland scholar. But, unfortunately for me, my mother left me ten thousand pounds, and a heart. I love a lady, whose name I will not pollute by mentioning it in this den of thieves. My father is the well-known banker, bankrupt, and cheat, of Barkington. He has wasted his own money, and now covets his neighbor's and his son's. He had me entrapped here on my wedding-day, to get hold of my money, and rob me of her I love. I appeal to you, Sir, to discharge me; or, if you have not so much confidence in your own judgment as to do that, then I demand a commission of lunacy and a public inquiry."

Dr. Bailey said, "That would be a most undesirable exposure, both to yourself and your friends." (Formula.)

"It is only the guilty who fear the light, Sir," was the swift reply.

Mr. Tollet said he thought the patient had a legal right to a commission of lunacy if there was property, and he took note of the application. He then asked Alfred if he had any complaint to make of the food, the beds, or the attendants.

"Sir," said Alfred, "I leave those complaints to the insane ones: with me the gigantic wrong drives out the petty worries. I can not feel my stings for my deep wound."

"Oh, then, you admit you are not treated *unkindly* here?"

"I admit nothing of the kind, Sir. I merely decline to incumber your memory with petty injuries, when you are good enough to inquire into a monstrous one."

"Now that is very sensible and considerate," said Mr. Tollett. "I will see you, Sir, again before we leave."

With this promise Alfred was obliged to be content. He retired respectfully, and the justice said, "He seems as sane as I am." The Doctor smiled. The justice observed it, and not aware that this smile was a formula, as much so as a prize-fighter's or a ballet-dancer's, began to doubt a little: he reflected a moment, then asked who had signed the certificates.

"Dr. Wycherley for one."

"Dr. Wycherley? that is a great authority."

"One of the greatest in the country, Sir."

"Oh then one would think he must be more or less deranged."

"Dangerously so at times. But in his lucid intervals you never saw a more quiet, gentlemanly creature." (Formula.)

"How sad!"

"Very. He is my most interesting patient (Formula), though terribly violent at times. Would you like to see the medical journal about him?"

"Yes; by-and-by."

The inspection then continued; the inspector admired the clean sheets that covered the beds, all of them dirty, some filthy; and asked the more reasonable patients to speak freely and say if they had any complaint to make. This question being with the usual sagacity of public inspectors put in the presence of Cooper and the Doctor, who stuck to Tollett like wax, the mad people all declared they were very kindly treated: the reason they were so unanimous was this; they knew by experience that, if they told the truth, the justices could not at once remedy their discomforts, whereas the keepers, the very moment the justices left the house, would knock them down, beat them, shake them, strait-jacket them, and starve them: and the Doctor, less merciful, would doctor them. So they shook in their shoes, and vowed they were very comfortable in Silverton Grove.

Thus, in later days, certain Commissioners of Lunacy inspecting Accomb House, extracted nothing from Mrs. Turner but that she was happy and comfortable under the benignant sway of Metcalf the mild—there present. It was only by a miracle the public learned the truth; and miracles are rare.

Meantime, Alfred had a misgiving. The plausible Doctor had now Squire Tollett's ear, and Tollett was old, and something about him reminded the Oxonian of a trait his friend Horace had detected in old age:

Vel quód res omnes timidé gelidé que ministrat.
Dilator, spe longus, iners, etc.

He knew there was another justice in the house, but he knew also he should not be allowed to get speech with him, if by cunning or force it could be prevented. He kept his door ajar. Presently nurse Hannah came bustling along with an apronful of things, and let herself into a vacant room hard by. This Hannah was a young woman with a pretty and rather babyish face, diversified by a thick biceps muscle in her arm that a blacksmith need not have blushed for. And I suspect it was this masculine charm, and not her feminine features, that had won her the confidence of Baker and Co., and the respect of his female patients; big or little, excited or not excited, there was not one of them this bicipital baby-face could not pin by the wrists, and twist her helpless into a strong room, or handcuff her unaided in a moment; and she did it too, on slight provocation. Nurse Hannah seldom came into Alfred's part of the house; but, when she did meet him, she generally gave him a kind look in passing; and he had resolved to speak to her, and try if he could touch her conscience, or move her pity. He saw what she was at, but was too politic to detect her openly and irritate her. He drew back a step, and said, softly, "Nurse Hannah! Are you there?"

"Yes, I am here," said she, sharply, and came out of the room hastily; and shut it. "What do you want, Sir?"

Alfred clasped his hands together. "If you are a woman, have pity on me."

She was taken by surprise. "What can I do?" said she, in some agitation. "I am only a servant."

"At least tell me where I can find the Visiting Justice, before the keepers stop me."

"Hush! Speak lower," said Hannah. "You *have* complained to one, haven't you?"

"Yes. But he seems a feeble old fogy. Where is the other? Oh, pray tell me."

"I mustn't; I mustn't. In the noisy ward. There, run."

And run he did.

Alfred was lucky enough to get safe into the noisy ward without being intercepted, and then he encountered a sunburnt gentleman, under thirty, in a riding-coat, with a hunting-whip in his hand: it was Mr. Vane, a Tory squire and large landowner in the county.

Now, as Alfred entered at one door, Baker himself came in at the other, and they nearly met at Vane. But Alfred saluted him first, and begged respectfully for an interview.

"Certainly, Sir," said Mr. Vane.

"Take care, Sir; he is dangerous," whispered Baker. Instantly Mr. Vane's countenance changed. But this time Alfred overheard the formula, and said, quietly: "Don't believe him, Sir. I am not dangerous; I am as sane as any man in England. Pray examine me, and judge for yourself."

"Ah, that is his delusion," said Baker. "Come, Mr. Hardie, I allow you great liberties, but you abuse them. You really must not monopolize his Worship with your fancies. Consider, Sir, you are not the only patient he has to examine."

Alfred's heart sank; he turned a look of silent agony on Mr. Vane.

Mr. Vane, either touched by that look, or irritated by Baker's pragmatical interference, or perhaps both, looked that person coolly in the face, and said, sternly: "Hold your tongue, Sir, and let *the gentleman* speak to me."

THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE "OSLIABA."

On page 637 we publish an illustration of the Russian Frigate "Osliaba," now lying in our Bay. This is the first Russian man-of-war that ever visited the United States, and her advent has created considerable stir. Her officers have been officially invited to accept the hospitalities of the city; and Mrs. Lincoln, General Dix, commanding the Department, and other leading personages have visited her. We condense the following account of the *Osliaba* from the *Herald* report:

> The *Osliaba* is a first-class forty-gun frigate, but does not now mount her full complement of guns. She carries at present thirty-three 8-inch guns (64-pounders), one of which is mounted as a pivot on the forecastle deck. The gun is reinforced with more metal than the other guns, but is of the same calibre.
>
> In regard to the science of naval gunnery, the Russians have adopted what is known in this country as the "Unity Battery;" that is, all the guns in a vessel are of the same calibre, and consequently, in time of action, there is no confusion arising from a variety of cartridges and projectiles.
>
> The rigging and sparring of the *Osliaba* do not materially differ from vessels of the same class in our own navy. She looks taut and trim, and good seamanship is every where displayed. The ship herself is well built, and looks as if she might stand a deal of hard fighting. Among her various appointments we noticed that she has a beautiful little steam screw launch, which is a very valuable acquisition to the ship. It saves time and much hard work for the men.
>
> The Russian navy has been for some time past in process of reconstruction, rendered necessary by the strides of naval progress, which are so rapid and so different from a few years ago.
>
> The latest data of the naval forces of Russia say she has in the Baltic, Amoor River, White, Caspian, and Black seas, and Lake Ural, one hundred and twenty-two vessels—nine being ships-of-the-line, and thirteen frigates. Together they mount 2246 guns, and are manned by 335 officers, 453 sub-officers, and 20,485 seamen. Before the war with the Allies Russia possessed two squadrons, of about equal power, one stationed in the Black Sea and the other in the Baltic. Each carried about 20,000 seamen, and about half that number of marines and artillerymen, and the aggregate number of guns was between 8000 and 9000.
>
> Since the Crimean war Russia has been alive to improvements in her naval force. Mr. Webb, of this city, has built for them one of the finest screw frigates afloat, and they have added largely to their navy by vessels built at their own navy-yards.
>
> The iron-clad excitement in this country aroused Russia, and she is now engaged in building a fleet of iron-clads. In March of this year no less than four million pounds sterling had been appropriated for that purpose.
>
> The *personnel* of the Russian navy includes sixteen admirals, thirty vice-admirals, thirty-nine rear-admirals, one hundred and eleven first-class captains, ninety-five second-class captains, two hundred and fifty-seven lieutenant-captains, six hundred and seven lieutenants, and three hundred and ninety-six midshipmen. The marine artillery comprises about three hundred officers. The Emperor has a naval staff consisting of two rear-admirals, three lieutenant-captains, a chief and deputy of ordnance, a master of naval artillery, an inspector of naval architects, a chief of marine chancery, and four vice-admirals. The ministry of marine includes a council of ten admirals, a president, and ten clerks.
>
> But to return to the *Osliaba*. She is manned by four hundred and fifty men and marine artillerymen, who look hearty, and as if when called upon they might be able to do good service for their country. They are a pleasant-looking set, and no doubt will be the lions of our harbor for some days to come.
>
> The following is a list of the officers of the ship:
>
> *Captain*—Boutakoff.
> *Lieutenants*—Sirtoff, Avinoff, Ermolaioff, Valitzky, De Livron, Palmgren, Eremeioff.
> *Sub-Lieutenants*—Amossoff, Kasherinioff, Feodossieff.
> *Midshipmen*—Gromdstrom, Milonkoff, Browtzin, Elchaninoff, Tudeer, Stramiloff.
> *Lieutenant of Artillery*—Bogdanoff.
> *Surgeons*—Hryntzevitch, Holst.
> *Master*—Semenoff.
> *Second Master*—Trapesnekoff.
> *Assistant*—Barabanchikoff.
> *Engineers*—Policarpoff, Tihanoff, Teteshoff, Ivanoff, Murray.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote pages 632, 633, and 636 to the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Waud, the author of the sketches which we reproduce, writes:

"Culpepper, *Friday, September* 18.

"Your artist was the only person connected with newspapers permitted to go upon the recent advance to the Rapidan. An order of General Meade's sent all the reporters back. It was a very wet and uncomfortable trip part of the time. I did not get dry for two days; and was shot at into the bargain, at Raccoon Ford, where I unconsciously left the cover and became a target for about twenty of the sharp-shooters. Luckily I was not touched; but I did some tall riding to get out of the way. We have doubts here whether we shall advance further. Meade keeps his own counsel; but the general idea is against moving further on this line.

"ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

"On Sunday, September 13, 1863, soon after our troops advanced from the Rappahannock, they became engaged with the enemy. Skirmishing on toward Culpepper, that place was captured after a short engagement, General Custer, by a brilliant charge up hill, taking three of the rebels' guns. We came very near capturing a railroad train, with, it is said, Stuart or Hampton aboard. About four miles from Culpepper the fighting ceased for the night, but early in the morning the advance was pushed to the Rapidan, and at this river the rebels prepared with infantry and guns in earthworks to resist our further progress. General Buford made an attack to unmask their force at Raccoon Ford, while another cavalry division was doing the same at Somerville Ford; since which time shelling and sharp-shooting has been constantly kept up on the river banks. General Custer charged right up a hill to the enemy's battery, taking three guns and a number of artillerymen.

"General Gregg's division was very hotly engaged at the point shown in the sketch. The rebels threw their shot and shell with great precision, dismounting some of the General's escort, and badly wounding some of the gunners in Butler's battery of light twelves before they were defeated. Butler's and Wollaston's are the only horse batteries of light-twelves in the service. Both did good service. Wollaston's battery is shown in the view of Raccoon Ford.

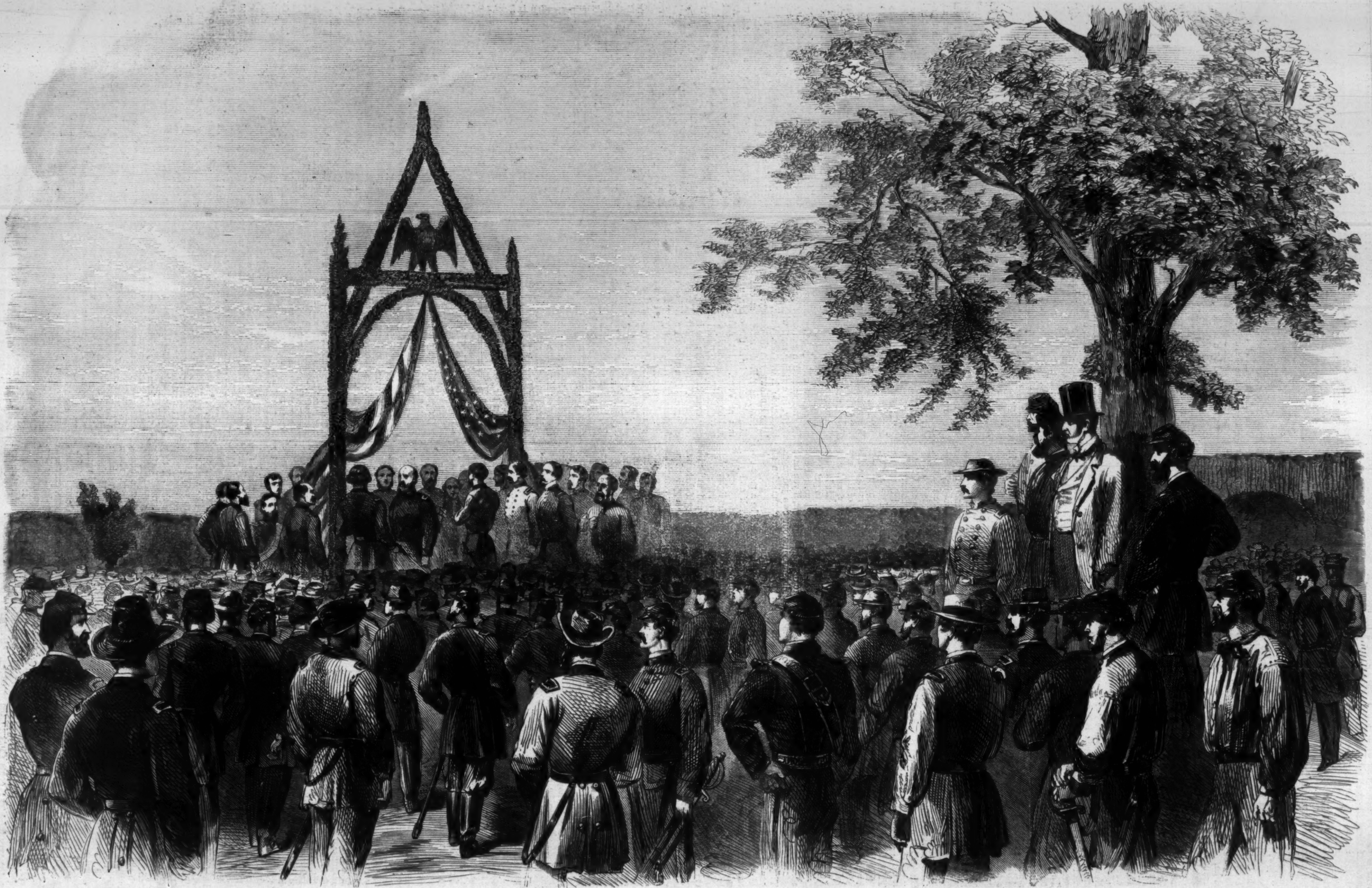
"The signal station on Pony Mountain was built by our officers with Pope last year. It was occupied by the signal officers in advance of our lines in the recent engagement."

On page 636 we illustrate

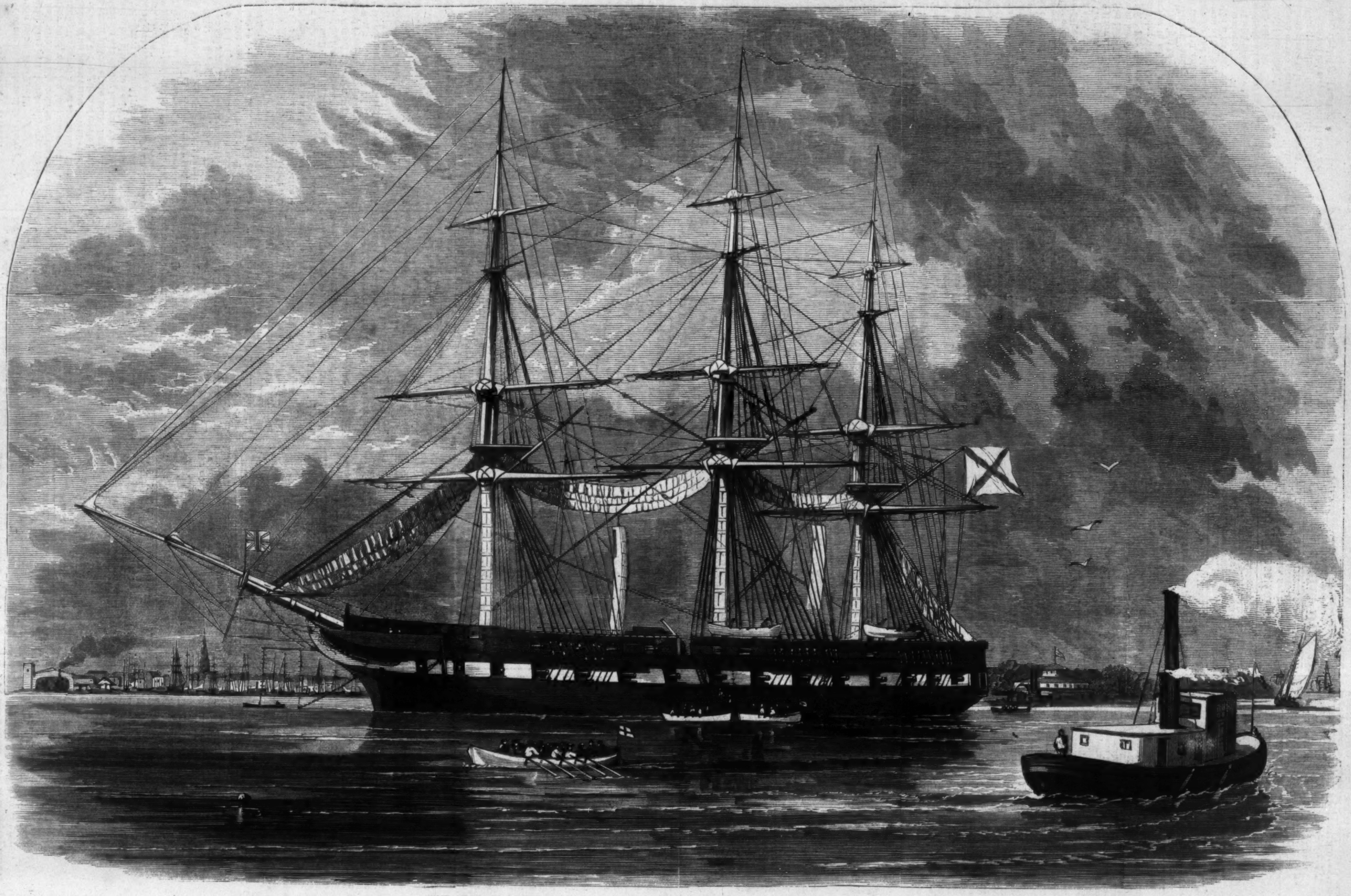
A SWORD PRESENTATION TO GENERAL MEADE.

Mr. Waud writes: "Sword presentations, during the occupation of Mexico by our troops, were reduced to a system, the present being quite a secondary matter, its only object the bountiful collation and attendant spree for which it afforded an excuse. Field-officers gave swords to their generals, the line-officers did the same for the field, and the rank and file for the line. In the latter case the opening of a barrel of whisky was considered the right thing. It is on record, indeed, that one gentleman did actually invite all his friends—no small assemblage—to an affair of this kind, when, in a neat speech detailing his manifold virtues and good qualities, he presented himself there and then with a handsome sword, and further, did return thanks in a most feeling manner for the same!

"With no desire to draw any comparison between the above and the presentation made to General Meade, which was a well-deserved compliment to one of our best officers, it may not be out of place to ask why so much money—the sum variously stated from fifteen hundred to twenty-two hundred dollars—should be spent upon a sword which it is not likely the General will wear? A neatly-inscribed sword worth fifty dollars, and the balance of the money in gold eagles, would be a much more sensible present. However, the affair passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned, and General Meade's was a very good and appropriate speech. Colonel Roberts, of the Reserves, also made a speech abounding in rich humor touching the refreshment question. Of the other speakers, it can be said that they had a tendency to reduce the occasion to the complexion of a political caucus. The grounds were nicely decorated with triumphal arches and evergreen bowers, and lighted with Chinese lanterns in the evening. The sword is richly carved and embossed, the sheath inlaid with enamel and diamonds, the hilt rich and heavy with gold and garnets, or rubies."



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SWORD PRESENTATION BY GENERAL CRAWFORD'S DIVISION TO GENERAL MEADE.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 635.]



THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE "OSLIABA," NOW IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 635.]

GOLDEN HAIR.

"You are no better to-night, Harry?"

"No better, Miss Ariel."

Ariel King bent thoughtfully over the low pallet bed, with her slight finger on the sick man's restless pulse, and her long amber curls almost touching the coverlet that stirred with the uneven laboring of the breast below. While the frosty October sunset, drawing lines of moving gold athwart the rough plaster of the walls, lingered lovingly around the soft shining hair and violet eyes, transfiguring her almost to a saint's strange beauty.

"He seems weak and languid," she said, softly. "Wine, and cordials, and fresh fruit, are what he needs, Marian."

"And that's just what the doctor told me," said a dark, bustling little woman, who was concocting some mixture over the sickly fire. "But, bless you, Miss Ariel, how are we poor folks to get wine and fruit? No, no; he must just get well on arrow-root and gruel: *they* don't cost much."

She tried to speak smilingly, this poor Marian Becker, but there were tears in her dark eyes as she pushed the wet hair back from her husband's hollow temples.

"It isn't altogether that, Miss Ariel," said Harry, uneasily. "I think I should get stronger if it wasn't for fretting about the rent. Old Keene is a hard landlord—one who wouldn't hesitate to turn a man into the street if he were dying. I don't so much mind it for myself—I shall soon be beyond all trouble, but Marian—"

He stopped abruptly. Ariel lifted her grave, shocked eyes—this was a new revelation of want and woe.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have *no* money left?"

"None, Miss Ariel."

She bent her head on her hands with a sort of passionate shudder.

"And this is the way our country rewards the soldiers who for her sake have dared the perils of deadly battle-field and fever-breathing swamps! She gives them 'an honorable discharge'—a discharge to creep away into some hole or corner and die as soon as possible! She promises them 'bounty' at the end of the war—as well say at the end of the world! Is this right? is it justice?"

"Nay, Miss Ariel," said the young soldier, "it is partly my own fault; if I had chosen to remain in hospital I should have incurred no expenses. Only I fancied that Marian could nurse me better, and—"

"And so you committed the unpardonable sin of preferring *home* to a hospital barrack, and this great and good country washes her hands of you accordingly. Oh, Harry, if I had but one tithe of my uncle's wealth!"

"Miss Ariel," said the young man, earnestly, "don't feel so grieved about it. I know you are hurt at your uncle's refusal to help me; but you must remember that he disapproved of my enlistment from the very first—still more of the idle fancy, as he termed it, of my coming home. But oh, Miss Ariel, if he could have known the bitterness of the home-sick pangs that come when you are sick in a strange place! He said in that note that the mere fact of my having once been a clerk in his employ gave me no claims on him. And he was right, Miss Ariel, only—"

He turned his face to the pillow, with a low, choking sob. Ariel watched him, with a strange, troubled light in her eyes, to see a human creature drifting slowly out of the world, and have no power to help or rescue him.

"How much is the rent?" she asked, after a brief silence.

"Twenty dollars, Miss Ariel: it is for three months."

Twenty dollars! and she had but ten in her little silk purse. For Ariel King, a portionless orphan, had literally nothing of her own: the very watch at her girdle, the spot of opal fire that fastens her collar, were her uncle's. And to him she well knew how vain would be any application.

She sighed deeply as she rose up to go, and once more came the eager wish, the passionate longing, that she were rich!

The gas-lamps were beginning to quiver like lines of fire down the long, tumultuous streets as she set out on her homeward way, and with instinctive timidity she drew down her veil and folded her simple scarlet shawl closer round her shoulders, quickening her steps as she did so.

"Can't cross there, young woman! wait till them carts and carriages has got by!"

Ariel started in affright as the good-humored old policeman drew her back, and then smiled at her own timidity. But, as she stood waiting on the corner for something like a break in the apparently endless string of carts and omnibuses, her eye fell on a brilliantly-lighted window close at her side, and she mechanically read, emblazoned on the glass,

"Highest Price Paid for Human Hair."

She looked down on the long auburn curls that lay on her shoulders with a strange, sudden thrill of joy. For the moment she *was* rich—she had something which she might call her very own, to keep or to sell as she pleased. Harry Becker's needs might be partially succored yet.

Without pausing for reflection she laid her hand on the latch, and entered the perfumed realm of Macassar and false curls. A dashing little Frenchwoman advanced behind the counter.

"In what may we have the happiness of serving madame?"

"I wish to sell my hair," murmured poor Ariel, her cheeks all aflame, as if she had been doing a guilty thing.

"Ah! certainly," said the little woman, in a tone one or two degrees less conciliatory. "Will madame please to lay aside her bonnet?"

With trembling fingers Ariel untied the strings and removed the straw bonnet: like a cataract of shining, rippled gold the long soft curls fell around her shoulders.

"*Ciel!*" ejaculated the little woman softly, with upraised eyebrows and clasped hands, "the hair is fine, *vraiment*, it must be near three feet long! For what price do you wish to part with it, madame?"

"I must have ten dollars," said Ariel, taking courage at the other's evident admiration.

"Ten dollars!—that is too large a sum."

"Then I must try elsewhere," said Ariel, taking up her bonnet.

"Wait—stay!" said the woman, meditatively. "It is long and thick, moreover it is of a good color. Please walk into the other room, madame. Fanchette shall cut it off in half a second!"

Poor Ariel, as she sat flushed and half frightened in the little gas-lighted den at the back of the shop, with "Fanchette's" gleaming scissors flashing through her curls, she would have given almost any thing to have retraced the sudden step. The bright, silken tresses she had brushed, and caressed, and twined with flowers so many, many times—the curls—oh, how could she ever have forgotten!—that Colonel Tylney had admired so much—that he had said were like coils of sunshine! An involuntary sob welled up from her heart.

"Did you speak, Mademoiselle?" said Fanchette, suspending the scissors in mid-air.

Ariel shook her head; she could not answer in words. There they lay, a soft, shining heap, full of golden lights, and tender brown shadows—*her* curls no longer!

"Please give me one to keep," she pleaded, with wistful eagerness. The Frenchwoman smilingly tossed one across the counter; she was in good-humor with herself; she had made a decided bargain.

And Ariel, not even daring to look in the glass, crept away; the hard-earned money in her pocket, and the curl held to her heart as if it had been a living thing.

"Is he asleep, Marian?"

"Miss Ariel—is it possible that this is you?"

"Myself, Marian! Hush! don't wake him; here are the twenty dollars. Don't detain me, pray, it's late."

"But, Miss Ariel, how—where— Oh! I see now—your hair, your beautiful brown curls are gone. Oh, Miss Ariel, how *could* you?"

"Pooh!" said Ariel, lightly, "hair will grow again. Do you suppose I value my silly curls beyond poor Harry's life and strength?"

And before Mrs. Becker could find words to express her gratitude Ariel was gone.

"Upon my word!" said Miss Priscilla Vinaigre, "this is quite a new freak of caprice on Miss King's part. What *will* not a girl do to keep up with the fashion?"

Colonel Tylney looked quickly up from the photographic album whose leaves he was slowly turning over. Yes, Miss Vinaigre was quite right, that *was* Ariel King, with her flushed cheek shadowed with tiny brown rings, and her eyes bent downward with timid shine.

Colonel Tylney shut the album with considerable emphasis. Fashion! he hated the sound of the name. What were our girls dreaming about *fashion* for, when the nation was groaning with the agony of regeneration? Yet he had fancied Ariel King far superior to these foolish whims; well was it for him that disenchantment came ere it was too late.

"And she knew how much I admired that lovely golden hair!" was the next thought. "It shows how much she cares for my likes and dislikes. Well, she is just like the rest of her silly sex, and I shall go back to Washington next week cured of *one* absurd fancy."

And Ariel sobbed herself to sleep that night because Frank Tylney passed her with such a frigid bow.

Harry Becker had an unexpected visitor the next morning—the Colonel of his regiment, who came in with a bright, encouraging smile, and a kindly grasp of the hand that seemed to throw new life into the invalid's worn frame.

"Why, Becker, where have you been hiding yourself? Why didn't you let us know where you were? It was by the merest chance in the world I stumbled upon you now!"

Becker's pale cheek reddened. "I did not like to trouble others with my distress, Colonel."

"Then allow me to inform you that you are a foolish fellow. What can I do for you?—nay, don't hesitate! I have not forgotten how you risked your life for me at Malvern's Mills."

"Thank you, Colonel. We have been in sore straits, my wife and I; but Miss Ariel King, my former employer's niece—"

"King—Ariel King—I know her."

"Then, Sir, you know the sweetest young lady in the world. Well, Sir, she has aided us with her little means—my wife used to be a seamstress in the family; and last night, to crown all, what do you suppose she did to help us with the rent that was behind?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"She sold her hair, Sir—her beautiful golden hair, that she was as proud of as any woman *could* be—all to assist a poor dying soldier!"

And Harry turned his head aside to hide the big drops on his lashes. He need not have been so careful: there was a dimness in the Colonel's dark eye too.

"I have been a fool!" he ejaculated, striding out into the open air—"a mad, insensate fool!"

And he went straight to the little parlor where Ariel was sitting at her work, crying a little between whiles, and confessed all his sins at the shrine of her saintly beauty.

"And now, Ariel, now that you know what a suspicious, credulous, doubting villain I have been—can you give the priceless treasure of your love into my keeping?"

She answered him, seriously and tenderly, with soft, shy blushes, "Yes."

What more have we to say? Nothing, save that Harry Becker and Marian his wife are doing well, and the latter predicts that by Ariel's wedding-day her curls will have grown out again, long and golden as of yore.

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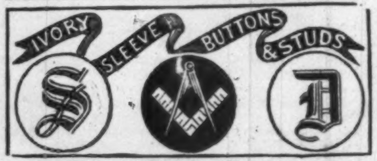

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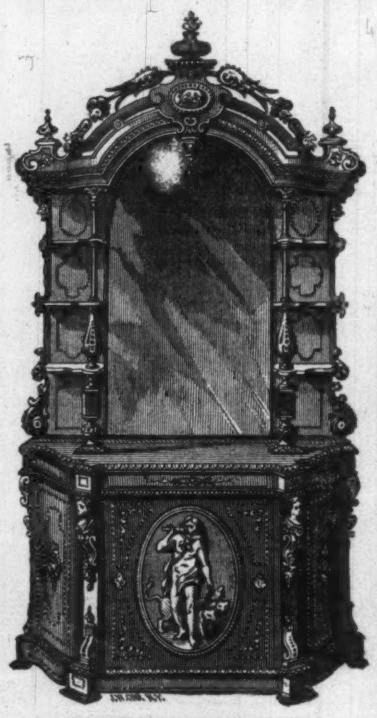

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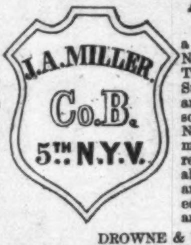
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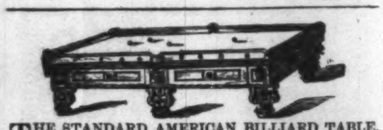

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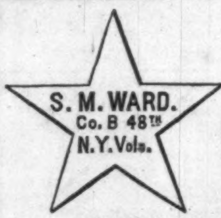
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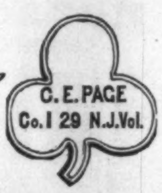

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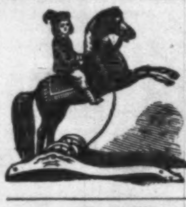

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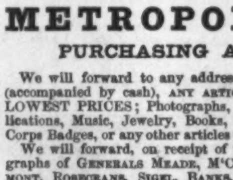

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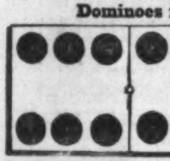

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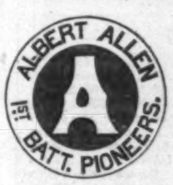

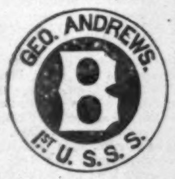
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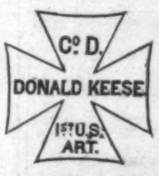
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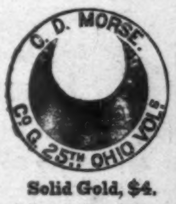
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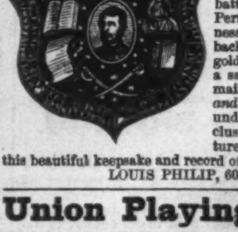

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